

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1901.

SIXPENCE



LORD ROBERTS AT HIS LONDON HOTEL: THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF GREETING LADY SETTRINGTON'S LITTLE GIRL.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. A. FORESTIER.

"A good old commander and a most kind gentleman."—"KING HENRY V.," ACT IV., SCENE 1.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Is the Drama on its last legs? Does the passion for golf corrode the delicacy of woman? To questions of this kind, which are thrust upon you by people who make a daily feast of evil omens, the best answer is that of the Archbishop of Canterbury to an American editor, eager to know the gravest danger of the new century. "I have not the slightest idea," said the Archbishop. It has been remarked that a British Prime Minister cannot afford to be a humorist, and when the Archbishop finds that his admirable saying is taken by the unco' serious to mean the callous indifference of the State Church to its moral obligations, he may suspect that for him also humour is too dangerous a luxury. There is a widespread assumption that if you have any claim to sobriety of mind, you must be on the look-out for symptoms of social decay. Mr. W. D. Howells says that in America woman has hitherto been the mainstay of the best standards in literature. But a melancholy epidemic of bad historical romance, full of bloodshed and crude brutality, has desolated the Republic. Where is the protecting hand of woman? Mr. Howells says it is playing golf. The desire of women to share the sports of men has robbed the American people of their shield and buckler against coarse fable. After a day's golf the American woman goes home to read stories of crime—not the crime of to-day, made prosaic by the police, but the crime of bygone ages, when running a man through the body for no reason at all was counted among the careless graces.

Golf has been defined as the pursuit of inoffensive balls over unresisting links. No wonder it fosters a thirst for blood! Moreover, it is sometimes described as the ancient and royal game of golf. No wonder it corrupts the damsels of the Republic! With his native repugnance to everything that smacks of antiquity and royalty, Mr. Howells distrusts a game that must set American girls dreaming of coronets, and reading depraved romances of the feudal system. If their reading could be restricted to Mr. Howells' novels (in which let a sworn admirer of his frankly own that there is a vast fund of knowledge and entertainment) perhaps they would give up marrying Dukes. But America, I believe, is still a free country, and if the golfing girl wants to read feudal novels, Congress itself cannot prevent her. If we may judge the books of her choice by Mr. Howells' account of them, they are shocking in point of art. He thinks that feudalism is obnoxious, even in a truly artistic guise; but if she could be induced to read "Quentin Durward," she would find that human nature, in the hands of a master, is just the same in mediæval trappings as it is in Boston or New York. There is not much difference between Louis XI. and "Boss" Croker, of Tammany Hall; and Le Balafre, Quentin's Scottish uncle, is the cheery egotist who confronts us at every dinner-table. Only one advantage is secured to him by feudal times. When short of cash he can bite a few inches off a gold chain to meet current expenses. To-day we have not the teeth for that exploit, and gold chains are not legal tender.

We all know the pessimist who writes about the last legs of the Drama as if it were a decrepit ballet. Sometimes he is a literary man of the very precious school that can find no merit in the English Drama since Congreve. He will tell you that our modern stage has no literature, his idea of literature being a finikin imitation of Restoration epigrams. He would have yawned at Mrs. Siddons, pooh-poohed Macready, and written little essays on the rant of Edmund Kean. Sometimes he is a man with every intellectual quality for the disenchantment of life. His fairy godmothers gave him the taste for learning, but denied him the dramatic temperament; and you will notice that the critic who is without the dramatic temperament always sees the Drama tottering to the grave which has been gaping unsuccessfully for centuries. At this moment two companies are playing Shakspeare in London, a third company is playing Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Herod," and two or three more are engaged in work which has some of the vital dramatic essence of their own time. When we have a man who can write a poetic tragedy like "Herod," and make the stage its natural home, why pretend that the stage is insensible to literature? Nobody believes "King Henry V." to be one of the best of Shakspeare's plays; but it is done at the Lyceum by Mr. Lewis Waller and his comrades with a spirit that at once commanded public favour. Nor can this popularity be ascribed simply to our overbearing martial temper. I remember what a burst of applause on the first night greeted Henry's warning to his troops against pillage, and his declaration that it is the English custom to pay for requisitions in the enemy's country. And a friend of mine, who is by no means enamoured of British policy just now, and looked sad when Henry spoke of his "Imperial throne," was carried away by the sheer splendour of many a line, and by the exquisite humanity with which our supreme poet invests even war and conquest.

To be sure, Ancient Pistol is a scamp; so is Nym; so is Bardolph. Falstaff, who has gone out of the chronicle babbling o' green fields, was still more notorious; and Henry, when he was the wild Prince, and consorted with these reprobates, was not much better. I wonder some

genial foreign commentator does not dwell upon these moral blemishes, and describe a London audience gloating over Pistol's threat to cut a prisoner's throat unless he have a ransom, and chuckling with delight to hear that Bardolph has robbed a church! It goes very hard with poor Bardolph, for Henry, his boon companion of the good old times, sternly refuses him mercy. What a chance this gives the foreign critic for pointing the finger of scorn at our national hypocrisy! Mark you, too, that Pistol and his fellow-scamps are amusing. Mr. Mollison's Pistol at the Lyceum, a gorgeously swaggering braggart, provokes shouts of merriment. They glory in their shame, these ribald English! It is rather to a gentle ridicule than to odium that Shakspeare, in the breadth of his vision, holds up these ill-doers that need to be chastened by an iron discipline. And he is as careful to distinguish between Pistol and the true British soldier as if he were already rebuking across the ages to come the blind animus that confounds both in one blundering malison.

Mr. Howells complains of romance that it has nothing to do with the serious conduct of life. But what is the moral of that story of the merchant and the genie in the "Arabian Nights"? The merchant ate his dates under a palm-tree, and threw the stones over his shoulder. In a great rage the genie swore that one of them had blinded his son. Vainly did the merchant protest that he was quite unaware of that gentleman's proximity. A still harder case is that of Mr. G. B. Burgin, who wrote an excellent story called "The King of Yildiz" in *The Illustrated London News* of Dec. 29. It was illustrated by Mr. Caton Woodville, and in one of the pictures an Ambassador was represented in conversation with an ingenious Englishman, masquerading as an Oriental potentate. Neither the author nor the artist had the slightest idea that the creations of their fancy would be mistaken for actual personages in the great political sphere. But such is the irony of fable that the back of the Ambassador's head, as drawn by Mr. Woodville's pencil, has been attributed to a distinguished diplomatist! The whole story is pure extravaganza; but, like the merchant's stone, it has hit an undreamt-of dignitary not in the eye, it is true, but on the cerebellum! The Ambassador in "The King of Yildiz," I beg to assure the diplomatic world, is as unreal as the Oriental potentate; but the innocent author has given the Concert of Europe a new anxiety. After that, Mr. Howells had better revise his theory of romance.

I have denied that the Drama is on its last legs; but it must be owned that the Private View is threatened with extinction. The directors of the New Gallery have announced that they will not be at home any more to the miscellaneous crowd that used to assemble in their halls for gossip about everything save the pictures. I remember how on one occasion a pale young curate, unfamiliar with the place, pressed hastily through the throng, and stepped right into the fountain, to the indignant amazement of the gold-fish. This incident furnished a theme of conversation for several years, and cynics accused the curate of seeking spurious fame. The Academy still holds to its hospitable tradition, and at the Private View of the Winter Exhibition I found a large and sad-coloured assembly. Strange to say, the visitors were devoting themselves to the pictures, and general talk was an affair of cautious whispers, as if everybody dreaded a sudden dissolution of the Private View by proclamation.

I have a great desire to preserve all harmless customs. Hitherto the Private View has been our opportunity of rubbing elbows with the illustrious. I have seen a distinguished author plodding round the pictures with a catalogue and a pencil, while the crowd murmured its respectful curiosity about his hat and his spectacles. Why extinguish such a fund of innocent entertainment? I trust the Academy will stand fast, although the New Gallery has fallen away.

The time is not far distant when some practical expression must be given to the strong desire for a permanent memorial of all our dead in this war. Such a project can scarcely be confined to these islands. The Colonies may have memorials of their own; but I believe they will desire to be represented in an Imperial monument to the fame of all who died in a struggle for the vital interests of the whole Empire. What form should such a Memorial take? Some people may think that a beneficent institution, of a charitable or educational character, would be the best service to names that we wish to keep green. That suggestion, I hope, will not be adopted. After a time, institutions of that kind are absorbed in the general current of charitable or educational agency, and lose all distinctive trace of their origin. What we want is something that will strike and hold the imagination now and always. There should be a building on a conspicuous site in London, with no other use than the commemoration of the dead; a shrine in which future generations will read the names consecrated by patriotism and heroic sacrifice. All who have died, British and Colonial, whether by the hand of the enemy or of disease—all will live again in this trophy. It will be a perpetual emblem of that Imperial unity which has been vindicated at so great a cost.

## FIFTY YEARS OF ART AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

To give an adequate idea of fifty years of British art by means of a hundred oil-paintings and about twice as many water-colours is a task which would overtax the powers of those possessing absolute control over the pictures of the period. Unfortunately, the Council of the Royal Academy have not found the support for their endeavour which its importance justified. The result, therefore, so far as the history of oil-painting since 1850 is concerned, is fragmentary. By happy accident, J. M. W. Turner just lived into the last half of the past century; but as there is at the National Gallery a permanent memorial of his fame, there was no need of more than evidence of his powers, and there could be none better than is afforded by the "Wreck of the *Minotaur*" and "Venice," which show the opposite extremes of his range, storm and tempest contrasting with rest and sunshine. In like manner the two other notables of the period, Leighton and Millais, have been so fully and recently honoured by exhibitions of their lives' work that an even smaller contribution from the latter would have sufficed. Still, "The Gambler's Wife"—one of Millais' most dramatic works—"The White Cockade," and "Victory, O Lord!" are sufficiently significant of various phases of his art to justify their selection. Lord Leighton's "Egyptian Slinger," on the other hand, stands out as his almost solitary example of a style in which one cannot help feeling he would have left a more lasting memory than his waxen-faced women will be likely to earn for him. Sir Edwin Landseer's is the only other really great name which marks the period; "The Stag at Bay" is one of the best and most effective of his studies of wild life in the Highlands; and the artist may claim by his pictures of this kind to have popularised "deerstalking." As for his "Bottom and Titania," one feels that the artist's imagination was not nimble enough to seize the poetry of the scene.

Apart from these four great painters, we must look to the little group of artists who surrounded Fred Walker, George Mason, and Cecil Lawson as the exponents of true poetic landscape in a way which was at once new and true. Their influence upon British art and taste has been considerable, and they have left behind them works which will redeem their contemporaries from the reproaches of the future. "The Bathers," with its touch of true Classicism, "The Old Gate," and "The Wayfarers" are the outcome of a refined appreciation of the beauties of nature; while "The Evening Hymn" and "The Harvest Moon" suggest an even higher flight of feeling and fancy. There is another noteworthy group, which also has left its mark on the century, composed of Ford Madox Brown, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones, men of different calibre, who from a similar starting-point arrived at very different results—each giving rein to his special individualism. Strength, warmth, and fancy were their respective characteristics, and each contributed his utmost and his best to raising the level of British art, and substituting a poetic rendering of great thoughts for the prosaic sentimentalism of slovenly work, which had become current. It is an open question whether the Council of the Royal Academy, in an endeavour to trace the history of art, should not have given us specimens of the work of each Royal Academician who had died during the past fifty years. We should then have seen how much the present Academy has to be thankful for that so many of its body never had followers. Such an exhibition would, however, have reflected as little credit upon the autocracy of Trafalgar Square or Burlington House as the inclusion in the present exhibition of the works of painters like Linnell and David Cox, George Mason and Cecil Lawson, who were never admitted within the sacred precincts.

Of other Royal Academicians who have left at present unimpeached reputations, Frank Holl is represented by one of his scenes of humble life, "No Tidings from the Sea," a line of art which he was successfully following until called away by the claims of portrait-painting. The elder Leslie also deserves a place, although he begat a school of feeble imitators, whose names may be left, with their works, in the shade. Pettie, one of the most unequal of workers, is here seen to advantage in his portrait of his friend and colleague G. H. Boughton, and the two dancing studies give a fair idea of his qualities as a colourist. Sir James Grant, one time President of the Royal Academy, was never more than a fashionable portrait-painter; while Albert Moore, the most delicate and decorative of modern artists, who never reached the rank of an Associate, is now amply avenged by the whirligig of time and the growth of truer taste.

Of the water-colour painters, who are represented in greater numbers than their brethren of the palette—and it is in this branch that the British school is specially strong, although in the first half of the century it achieved its renown—David Cox stands out as the breeziest and strongest of the painters from Nature; but it was reserved for Alfred Hunt to reveal her deeper secrets.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. BENSON'S "TAMING OF THE SHREW" REVIVAL AT THE COMEDY.

The central theme of "The Taming of the Shrew," man's inevitable subjugation of woman, has always accorded with the ultimate instincts of human nature, and Shakspeare's glorious old farce of the "duel of sex" appeals hardly less convincingly to twentieth than to seventeenth century playgoers. The exact treatment, of course, adopted by the dramatist—the frank brutality of his woman-tamer's methods—is a little alien from modern sentiment, and therefore the more fantastically the play is rendered, the further it is forced into the regions of impossible romance, the more acceptable and uproariously amusing it becomes to-day. Now, in the Benson Company's interpretation, despite the absence of the time-honoured "Induction," despite memories of Ada Rehan's superbly animal and incomparable Katharine, this suggestion of unreality is fully achieved. The very extravagance of the comedy acting robs the "taming" scenes of emotional poignancy, and permits the audience to laugh without remorse. Mr. Benson, always at his best in the more acrobatic kind of histrionics, and altogether satisfying on this occasion, simply



revels in Petruchio's wild horseplay, and involves the whole mad courtship in its proper atmosphere of riotous pantomime, while even the mannered artificialities of so affected an actress as Mrs. Benson are of positive service in the rôle of Katharine. Meantime, the dainty interludes of the love-making of pretty Bianca and her sham tutor are treated by Mr. Rodney and Miss Braithwaite with real poetic feeling, and the Grumio of Mr. Weir and the Gremio of Mr. Swete stand out in agreeable prominence from an admirable and merry *ensemble*.

"THE THIRTY THIEVES" EXTRAVAGANZA, AT TERRY'S.

The new extravaganza of Mr. Risque's writing and Mr. Edward Jones's composing, produced at Terry's theatre and entitled "The Thirty Thieves," is a feeble but very harmless entertainment which can boast just one merit—a fairly ingenious story. Its titular heroes are the "Forty Thieves" of Oriental romance, reduced in number, stripped of their Eastern setting, and placed in the vicinity of a burlesque Lord Mayor; and the plots and counterplots of the new style robbers, their victims and their enemies, lead to most bewildering complications. Otherwise the little play marks a return to the bad old traditions of opera-bouffe—tights, goose-step, puerile humours, all complete, and shows in neither music nor fun, neither song nor dance, any attempt at originality. Moreover, the management is guilty of providing in one act dresses that are exceptionally garish and badly harmonised, and of engaging principals not one of whom—save that bright and refined actress and soprano, Miss Florence Perry—has the semblance of a voice. Clever comedians, such as Mr. Charles Groves, Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, Miss Pattie Browne, and Mr. Dagnall, do their best to afford amusement; but even Mr. Jones's thin score deserves better treatment than it obtains from any of its interpreters, save Miss Perry and the chorus.

THE NEW YEAR'S EVE BALL AT COVENT GARDEN.

Very gay, sociable, and hilarious was the picturesque crowd which assembled last week to dance the Old Year out at the Covent Garden Ball, and as the last strokes of twelve midnight announced the birth of a New Century, all present joined hands and sung lustily "Auld Lang Syne." Naturally on such an occasion a fair proportion of the fancy costumes were designed to illustrate the New Year or the just opening century, but, strangely enough, none of these obtained the chief prizes, that awarded to the best lady's dress going to "Bobs," a "creation" of Madame Vernon's, that to the best gentleman's being assigned to "Rouge et Noir," one of Mr. Clarkson's designs.

The Great Northern Railway Company will in future run special sleeping-cars for the convenience of passengers to and from the Newcastle district on the 10.30 p.m. train from London (King's Cross) to Newcastle, and the 11.15 p.m. from Newcastle to London (King's Cross). Passengers on arrival at either terminus may remain undisturbed in the cars until 8 a.m.

The decorations at No. 60, St. James's Street, on the day of Earl Roberts' return, were executed by Messrs. J. Defries and Sons, Limited. Upon the top coping of the building was placed a large imperial crown, richly jewelled and gilt, and set off by a group of flags. The vertical spaces between the windows were filled with crimson figured panels, and surmounted by Prince of Wales plumes. Above each of the first-floor windows were oblong panels bearing Florentine shields with heraldic devices in high relief. The balcony-front carried a crimson panel, upon which were placed lions' heads in full relief; festoons of laurel and gilt wreaths were between them.

THE GENERALS OF THE NEW CENTURY.

The new interests of the New Century, combined with the stirring memories of the Old, make *The Illustrated London News* Portfolio of the victorious Generals who have striven to bring this war to a satisfactory and speedy conclusion particularly appropriate and acceptable. The Portfolio contains eight portraits of the Generals who have borne the most prominent parts in the recent South African War, and of these the portrait of Lord Roberts is of particular interest, as it shows the Commander-in-Chief in profile. The eight portraits are beautifully pulled in colour on a Rembrandt art board, and are surrounded by a gold mount ready for framing. The other portraits are of Kitchener, Buller, Baden-Powell, Macdonald, French, Ian Hamilton, and Rundle. Only a very limited number of copies have been printed, and we therefore must request intending purchasers to place their orders without delay with the Publisher, 198, Strand, or at any railway bookstall. Now published; price five shillings.

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## PERSONAL.

The Princess of Wales, as President of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, makes an earnest appeal for funds to continue the work of the association, whose objects are the care of the wives and families of soldiers and sailors of the Queen, without any distinction, and in whatsoever part of the world they may be serving, during the current year. Without further funds, the Princess says these homes must be broken up, and her Royal Highness cannot contemplate the effect, not only upon the families, but upon the men themselves, of the withdrawal of the help they have been receiving. Her Royal Highness invites the co-operation of Lords Lieutenant of Counties, and of Lord Mayors, Provosts, and Mayors throughout the kingdom, to help in soliciting and receiving subscriptions. The treasurer of the association is Colonel James Gildea, C.B., at 23, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W.

The death of the Grand Duke Charles Alexander of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach at Weimar on Saturday evening last removes another of the German Sovereigns who played a great part in the unification of Germany.

Born in 1818, the Grand Duke had lived through those great events, outside war and politics, which gained for Weimar the sobriquet of the Athens of Germany. He was the pupil and friend of Goethe, the patron of Liszt, of Hans von Bülow, of Berlioz. His sister, Princess Augusta of Weimar, became

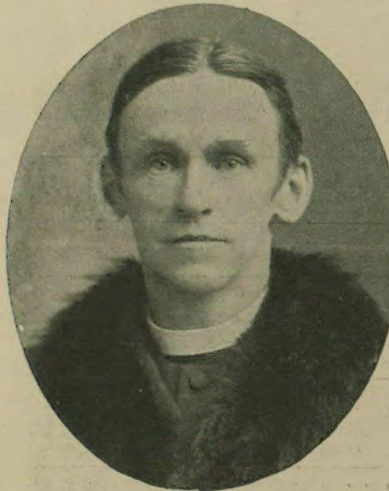


Photo, Reichenberg and Lindner, Berlin.  
THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-WEIMAR,  
Patron of Art and Letters.

the Queen of William I. of Prussia, and afterwards the first Empress of the Germans. The late Grand Duke married, in 1842, Princess Sophia of the Netherlands, whose father subsequently reigned as William II. of Holland. He was therefore the great-uncle of the Emperor William and the uncle by marriage of the reigning Queen of Holland.

Curious flames in the planet Mars again suggest that the Martians are signalling to the Earth, and Mr. Nicola Tesla on a lone peak in Colorado has received a mystic wireless telegraphic message—"One, two, three"—which he concluded was from Mars. Sir Robert Ball and Sir Norman Lockyer are frankly sceptical, but Mr. Haweis thinks that in a year or two we shall be talking to Mars. Language, he says, presents no difficulty, for mind is universal, and we shall discuss things in general with the Martians by the process of thought-transference.

The newly appointed Bishop-Suffragan of Kensington, in the Diocese of London, is the Rev. Frederick Edward Ridgeway, D.D., who is also Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate. The Act of Parliament which made Marlborough and Bedford the titular sees of the Bishop of London's suffragans has been repealed, and the more local names accord with the habitation of the assistant prelates. Stepney and Islington have already been employed; and now West London has its own ruler, called by the name of a great parish with a church in St. Mary Abbots



Photo, Russell.  
THE REV. F. E. RIDGEWAY, D.D.,  
New Bishop-Suffragan of Kensington.

worthy to rank as a pro-Cathedral. Bishop Ridgeway is a son of the Rev. Joseph Ridgeway, Vicar of Tunbridge Wells, and a brother of Sir West Ridgeway, Governor of Ceylon. He graduated from Clare College, Cambridge, in 1870, and after holding a number of curacies in England, he went to Glasgow and became Dean of that diocese. Returning to London, he took St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, and only last year succeeded Bishop Earle at St. Botolph's.

Count Tolstoi ought to be interested in the protest which the Socialist municipality of St. Etienne has made against war. All the children under the control of the municipality are denied the pleasure of playing with toy soldiers. How this is to prevent them from making believe with substitutes it is difficult to see. If a child chooses to regard a row of pins as a line of troops, how are the Solons of St. Etienne going to correct him?

Mr. Abram Hewitt, American millionaire, is reported to have renewed his youth by subcutaneous injections of glycerophosphate of sodium, otherwise salt. So the elixir of life resolves itself into pickling. Unfortunately, salt does not rejuvenate all constitutions, or we should take it subcutaneously every day, and the sybarite would give more attention to the salt-cellar than to the wine-cellar.

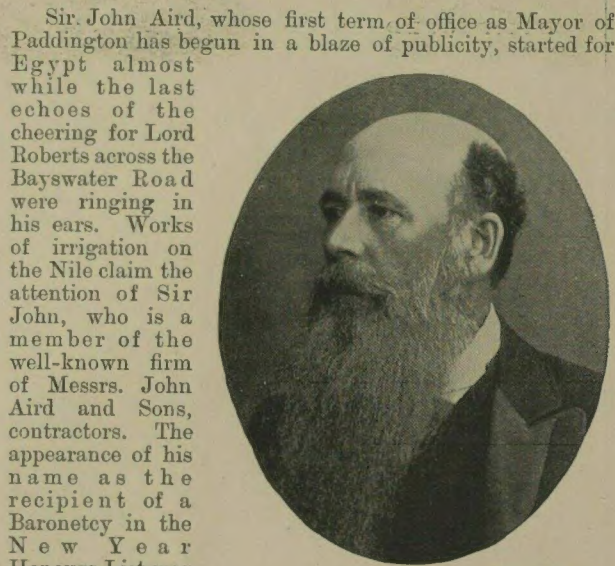
Major Hussey, Mayor of Southampton, must have had a double pleasure, civil and military, in having the good fortune to greet Lord Roberts on his landing. The occasion was a little hurried and anxious, owing to the fog, which had delayed the arrival of the *Canada*. But while the train, and London at the other end, waited, Lord Roberts went to the gaily decorated Hartley Institute, and was made a Freeman. A good many other places are equally anxious to secure the Commander-in-Chief as a fellow-citizen; so many, in fact, that Lord Roberts was unable to fix up with the Mayor of Portsmouth a date for the reception of that compliment from Southampton's neighbour. Lord Roberts, though time pressed, made as long a speech as possible—thanks in part to the tact of Major Hussey, who recognised the beauty of brevity in his own opening observations.



Photo, Russell.  
MAJOR G. A. E. HUSSEY  
(Mayor of Southampton),  
Who received Lord Roberts.

Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson has been asking why the Government does not commandeer, at a reasonable price, every available horse in Cape Colony. That policy would have prevented the Boer invaders from obtaining fresh horses, and it would have greatly facilitated Lord Kitchener's difficult task.

Sir John Aird, whose first term of office as Mayor of Paddington has begun in a blaze of publicity, started for Egypt almost while the last echoes of the cheering for Lord Roberts across the Bayswater Road were ringing in his ears. Works of irrigation on the Nile claim the attention of Sir John, who is a member of the well-known firm of Messrs. John Aird and Sons, contractors. The appearance of his name as the recipient of a Baronetcy in the New Year Honours List was no surprise to those familiar with his many political and other activities. Since 1887 he has sat in Parliament as the representative of a division of Paddington—once with Lord Randolph Churchill, as his colleague. Sir John, who is sixty-eight years of age, married Sarah, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Smith.



Photo, Russell.  
SIR JOHN AIRD,  
New Baronet, who, as Mayor of Paddington,  
Welcomed Lord Roberts.

Mr. Ignatius Donnelly is no more. He was an excellent public servant in the State of Minnesota. An evil genius and a prodigious industry led him to compile a gigantic work called "The Great Cryptogram," to prove that Bacon wrote Shakspeare. It proved nothing but the amazing constitution of Mr. Donnelly's mind. According to the Cryptogram, Shakspeare acknowledged that "Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, wrote these plays in his spare time, when he had any." As Shakspeare died in 1616, and Bacon was not Viscount St. Albans till 1621, the Cryptogram seems a little "previous." But there is no doubt that Mr. Donnelly did wonders with his spare time.

News of the death of Chief-Inspector Horsley has been heard with general regret by Members of Parliament and by all who had business at the House which brought them into contact with one of the most courteous and laborious of its officials. Unlike the people's representatives, he had no constituents to face; so that, while he saw old faces disappear and new ones coming up, he himself remained as an interested spectator. He was qualified for retirement on his pension some years ago, but he stuck to his post, saying that he should be miserable away from St. Stephen's. He was above party; Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Tanner alike had always a passing greeting for him; and on the re-assembling of Parliament the amount of hand-shaking



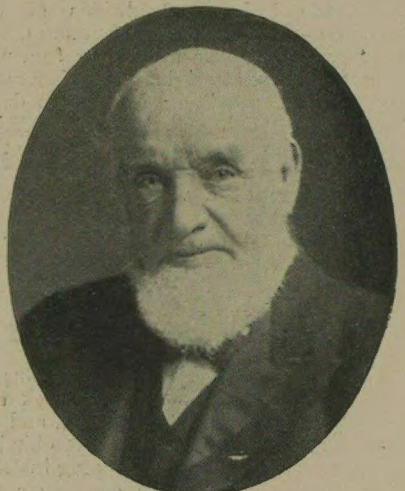
THE LATE CHIEF-INSPECTOR HORSLEY,  
Head Police Official at the House of Commons.

he had to go through must have put a considerable strain on even his hardened muscles.

General Mercier has a plan for the invasion of England, and now General Zurlinden is credited with a plan for the invasion of Belgium. It is quite possible that General Zurlinden is innocent of any such project, but the story seems to be having a wholesome effect on Belgian opinion about England. Brussels, at any rate, is getting tired of the game of flouting the one Great Power in Europe that has the strongest interest in defending Belgian neutrality.

The great pork-packer of Chicago, Mr. Philip Armour, is dead. He was enormously wealthy, and he worked as hard as any of his clerks until his last illness. Nothing in life had any interest for him except the game of money-making. He had the reputation of scrupulous fairness to everybody in his employ, and when he found a man inefficient in one department he shifted the useless hand to another department instead of dismissing him.

Sir John Jaffray, whose death, in his eighty-second year, is reported from Birmingham, was born at Stirling, educated in Glasgow, and had his first experience on a newspaper at Shrewsbury. In 1844 he went to Birmingham, where he joined the staff of the local journal, whence sprang the *Daily Post*. In politics he was a warm supporter of Mr. Bright, whom he followed into Liberal Unionism. He was an ardent worker for Free Education and Free Libraries, and he was a Trustee of the Public Picture Gallery. But his best work was that done for the hospitals. He was a Founder of the Children's Hospital and of the Women's Hospital, and a supporter of several others. Later, he spent nearly forty thousand pounds on the suburban hospital which bears his name, and which was opened by the Prince of Wales. A baronetcy marked the city's sense of gratitude to the benefactor of its sick and injured.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE SIR JOHN JAFFRAY, BART.,  
Founder of Hospitals in Birmingham.

Three German Catholics have been refused admission to a German regiment because they declared that their religion would not permit them to fight duels. The Minister of War supported them against the officers of the regiment, who, nevertheless, defied his authority. This is just as audacious a revolt as that of Major Cuignet and other Nationalists of the French Army against General André. It will be interesting to see whether the Catholics in the Reichstag will tolerate this military presumption.

The Right Hon. Sir George Turner, who has been a Privy Councillor for three years, and who has been called to office by Mr. Barton in the new Federal Government, was born in Melbourne in 1851. He adopted the law as his profession, and entered Parliament for St. Kilda in 1889. He rose rapidly to office, holding successive portfolios as Minister of Customs, Minister of Health, Solicitor-General, Minister of Defence, and, finally, as Prime Minister and Treasurer of Victoria. He served as President of the Federal Council of Australasia, and as Chairman of its Standing Committee; and was a member of the Australian National Federation Council.

The English pilgrims had two views of Leo XIII., once when he came into St. Peter's, and again at the special audience accorded to them in the Sistine Chapel on Tuesday. The introduction of a political allusion into the address of the Duke of Norfolk has been regarded in Rome as a breach of the hospitality accorded to the pilgrims by the citizens. The Government, however, was able to return good service for any injudicious words dropped; for it sent a special draft of police to protect the Hôtel de Rome, the headquarters of the Duke.

The English Society has had a good deal to be serious about lately; but the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire's great house-party at Chatsworth, with private theatricals as its chief feature, makes amends for the rather mournful memories that prevailed at Christmas. The Prince of Wales has been one of the spectators in the theatre at Chatsworth. That historic seat, however, has not failed to offer also the out-of-door attractions which are its first claim to celebrity. The gardens may be deserted at this season; but the sport has been of the best, as is shown by the bags of the Prince and of that prime shot, Earl de Grey, who sallied forth in company. The Duke himself did not take out his gun.



Photo, Russell.  
SIR GEORGE TURNER,  
Treasurer of the Australian Federal Cabinet.



## THE NEW COLONIAL GOVERNORS.



Photo, Wright and Andrews.

SIR ALFRED MILNER,  
GOVERNOR OF THE TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE RIVER COLONY.

Photo, Elliott and Fry.

SIR WALTER F. HELY-HUTCHINSON,  
GOVERNOR OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The official appointments to the Governorships of the two annexed Republics in South Africa have been made. Sir Alfred Milner, who still continues to be High Commissioner of South Africa, ceases to be Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, and becomes, instead, Governor of the Transvaal and of the Orange River Colony. The details of Sir Alfred Milner's versatile career are well known. Good fortune came to him with his appointment as private secretary to Mr. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, towards the close of the 'eighties. The Under-Secretaryship for Finance in Egypt followed in due course, and was, in turn, succeeded by a period of office as Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue. In 1897 he went to South Africa, where his rule has become a matter of history.

The new Governor of the Cape of Good Hope is the Hon. Sir Walter Francis Hely-Hutchinson, G.C.M.G., who throughout the war, and for some seven years before it, has been the Governor of Natal and Zululand. The

second son of the fourth Earl of Donoughmore, he was born nearly fifty years ago; was educated at Cheam, at Harrow, and at Cambridge; and married, when he was thirty, May, eldest daughter of Major-General William Clive Justice, C.M.G. In 1874 he acted as Attaché on the Special Mission of Sir Hercules Robinson to Fiji, and the following year found him acting as Private Secretary for Fiji Affairs. Later he served as Private Secretary for New South Wales Affairs, as Colonial Secretary of Barbadoes, as Chief Secretary to the Government of Malta; as Lieutenant-Governor of Malta, and as Governor of the Windward Islands. In 1893 he inaugurated "Responsible Government" in Natal, and he carried out the incorporation of the Trans-Pongolo Territories with Zululand. After he became Governor of Natal, he acted also as Commissioner of Amatongaland.

The new Governor of Natal, Brevet-Colonel Sir Henry Edward McCallum, A.D.C., K.C.M.G., was born at

Yeovil in 1852, the son of Major McCallum and Elinor, daughter of Major Pretton, and entered for the Royal Engineers. He passed out of Woolwich the first of fifty-two cadets, and was Pollock Medallist in 1871 and Fowke Medallist in 1874. After a period at Chatham, he served as Telegraphy Superintendent of the Southern District; then in the office of the Inspector-General of Fortifications, and then as private secretary to Sir William Jervois, Governor of the Straits Settlements. As Superintendent of Admiralty Works or as Colonial Engineer or Surveyor-General, he did good work in Hong-Kong and elsewhere.

Major Hamilton John Goold-Adams, C.B., C.M.G., the new Lieutenant-Governor of the Orange River Colony, has had some preparation for his new duties in the post he now vacates—that of Resident Commissioner for the Bechuanaland Protectorate. Major Goold-Adams became in 1878 Lieutenant, in 1885 Captain, and in 1895 Major of the Royal Scots, 1st Battalion.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.

BREVET-COLONEL SIR HENRY EDWARD MCCALLUM,  
GOVERNOR OF NATAL.MAJOR HAMILTON J. GOOLD-ADAMS,  
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

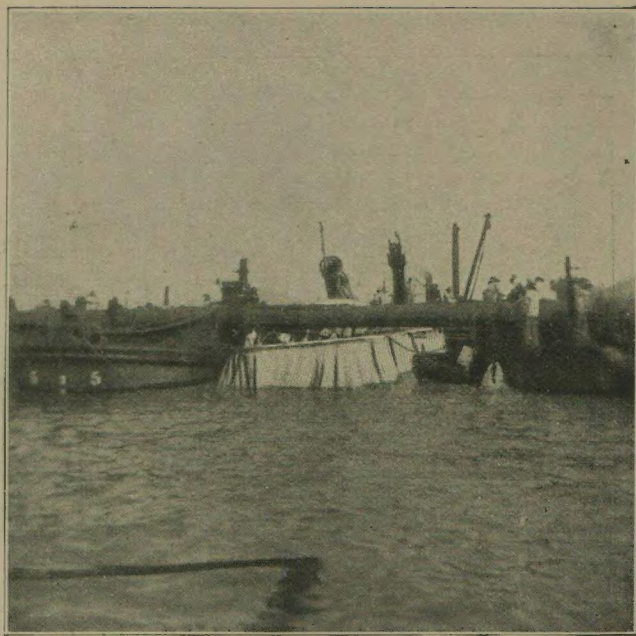
## LORD ROBERTS IN LONDON.

Lord Roberts has every reason to be satisfied with his reception in London, save, perhaps, on the score of weather, for he made his entry on Jan. 3 in fog, not of the worst, but sufficiently depressing. The enthusiasm of the populace, however, seemed to suffer not at all from gloomy sky and murky air. The Field-Marshal's triumphant arrival at Paddington had been somewhat delayed by fog at Southampton, which retarded the berthing of the s.s. *Canada*, and the ceremonies at that town had been considerably curtailed in order that the Prince of Wales might not be kept waiting. It was not until ten minutes past one that the train bearing Lord Roberts entered the station. The band struck up "See, the conquering hero comes," and the guard of honour came to the salute, and immediately Lord Roberts was seen advancing to receive the greeting of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught. After the inspection of the guard of honour the royal party drove away, and Lord Roberts remained to receive the address from the borough of Paddington, presented by its first Mayor, Sir John Aird. Sir John, who wore the brand-new scarlet fur-tipped robes and gold chain of his municipal office, was accompanied by the Aldermen in their Mazarine-blue robes, and by the Town Clerk in wig and gown. Agreeable words having been exchanged, Lord Roberts entered the royal carriage sent to convey him to Buckingham Palace. Royal outriders preceded the carriage, which was closely followed by six mounted Indian orderlies, and had a further escort of the 10th Hussars. People who expected the returned hero to be riding had, perhaps, a poor compensation even in this scenic display of a cavalcade of royal carriages; the others containing General Kelly-Kenny, General Ian Hamilton, and other members of the

the military expert sprang up and pointed out that Salisbury Plain was just what was required for artillery practice, and the always punctual American millionaire stepped forward in time with an offer to transport across the Atlantic the stones that obstructed the view when beheld through military field-glasses. Still Stonehenge holds its own against all plots of man, and Nature's is the only revolutionary movement that has prospered against it. Not much mischief has been done, and no further ill-effect from the slight underground contraction need be feared during the twentieth century. Amesbury—a name made for poetry—will still welcome the tourist busy with derivations and speculations, antiquarian and other. Meanwhile the caricaturist has been at work. Mr. F. C. Gould, in a cartoon called "On Salisbury Plain," gives the standing boulders the heads of various members of the Administration, and shows Mr. Goschen and Mr. Chaplin as the two substantial columns that have fallen prone.

## H.M.S. "SANDPIPER."

The shallow-draught gun-boat, H.M.S. *Sandpiper*, which went down during the typhoon at Hong-Kong on Nov. 10, has now been successfully raised, and is docked for repairs. It will be remembered that during the sudden tempest, when the *Sandpiper* was seen to be in distress, H.M. torpedo-boat destroyer *Otter* stood by to render assistance, and succeeded, at great risk, in rescuing all the crew save one a few moments before the gun-boat went down. The rescue, which we illustrated recently, afforded, as our readers will remember, a striking and exciting scene. The rescue was attended with the greatest danger, for,



Photo, G. H. Evans, Hong-Kong.

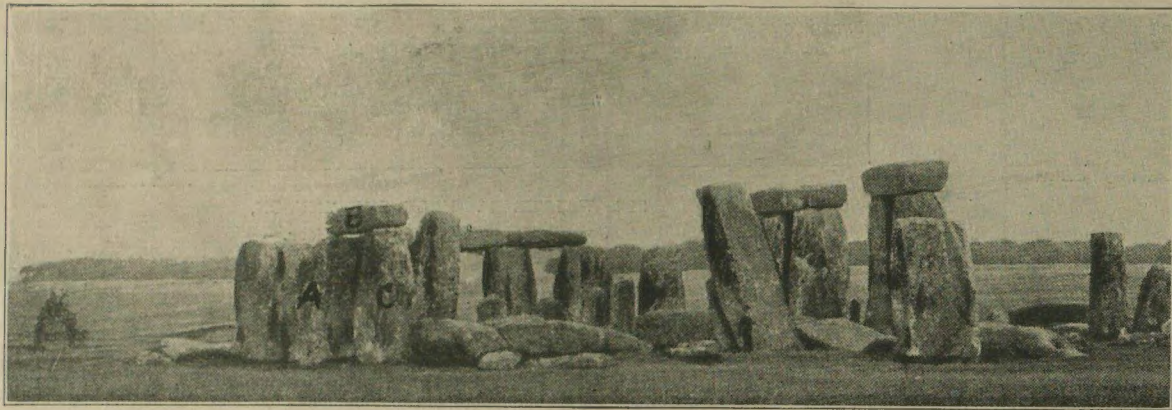
RAISING THE SUNKEN GUN-BOAT, H.M.S. "SANDPIPER," AT HONG-KONG.

expressed the gratitude of loyal South Africa to her brothers in arms who have stood so staunchly by her and the Empire at this crisis. The heartiness of the send-off of troops leaving South Africa is but a promise of the enthusiastic welcome awaiting them on their arrival in England, and once again on their return to their own shores. On Tuesday morning this week the *Orient* disembarked at Sydney nearly seven hundred soldiers who had fought our battles against the Boers. Mr. Barton and Sir William Lyne vied with each other in their commendations, and Lord Hopetoun made a speech in which he put on record the pride felt in the achievements of Australia's soldier sons. "All of us in the old land who read of your deeds," said the Governor-General, "felt proud of our kinsmen from beyond the seas." The last batch of returning troops comprised 400 men from New South Wales, 170 from Queensland, and rather more than a hundred from New Zealand.

## THE POSITION IN CHINA.

The best news from China is that the Joint Note of the Powers has been accepted by Li-Hung-Chang and Prince Ching on behalf of the Emperor. Accompanying this expression of compliance with the terms of the Powers is a request that the punitive expeditions may cease their operations. These expeditions, five in number, are, of course, a source of great unrest in the Provinces, and it is beyond doubt that the innocent have in many instances been made to suffer with the guilty. Count Waldersee has, however, declined to accept this suggestion, probably feeling that the activity of these forces is the most powerful form of pressure to be put upon Chinese diplomacy. Meanwhile, the Allies themselves are not quite united in their sentiments, despite the outward uniformity of their acts. America is anxious to transfer the negotiations from Peking to Washington. The French Government and the public opinion of Paris do not approve of the looting operations. The English engaged with the Allies are discovering a wish to sever their connection with Count Waldersee, on whose staff they have no representation. German methods in Chi-li are too

indiscriminating to secure general sympathy; and it is felt that the harassing of the people, good and bad, of whole districts, and the making of heavy distraints upon their effects, tend to keep up a disturbance which, in turn, is treated as a pretext for the continuance of the German military occupation. Our pictures from Peking illustrate the havoc wrought by the Boxers, and afford some interesting notes on the crisis. Placards, always prominent in a disturbed capital, appear on the gates and other public places, and the soldiers, diverse in speech and habit, who patrol the streets, are the visible manifestation of the united efforts which the Great Powers are making in China.



THE FALL OF MONOLITHS AT STONEHENGE ON NEW YEAR'S EVE: THE CIRCLE AS IT WAS.

Commander-in-Chief's Staff. But Lord Roberts preferred to drive rather than ride, if only because the injury to the right arm, received a few weeks ago when his horse threw him, is not yet cured, so that all his salutations were left-handed. Twelve or fourteen thousand troops guarded the way, and flags, shields, and flowers which no one could number made it gay, the while the hero passed along to the sound of cheering which followed his ears without flagging at any point of his progress. "Bravo, Bobs!" was the most popular cry, and it grew into a great discordant roar. The pressure at some parts of the route was very severe, especially in Jermyn Street, where the crowd, pushing forward into St. James's Street, had to be repressed by mounted soldiers and by police.

Buckingham Palace, never gay, was shrouded with fog when the procession reached its doors. Between the Lion Gate and the main entrance were stationed convalescent soldiers who had been wounded in the campaign. For these the Commander-in-Chief had a kindly glance. Lord Roberts, on alighting, inspected the guard of honour, consisting of men whose proportions made the conqueror of the Republics more conspicuous as one of the "big little men" of history. At half-past two, only a quarter of an hour after the two-fifteen of the invitation-card, and therefore with fashionable punctuality, he entered the Palace as the guest of the absent Queen and of her representative the Prince of Wales. The Princess was also there, with Princess Victoria of Wales. Other royalties present were the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children, the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Louise, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck. Lady Roberts and her two daughters were present; so were Lord Salisbury, Lord Wolseley, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, General Ian Hamilton, Sir Evelyn Wood, and Lord and Lady Pembroke. Speeches were made by the Prince of Wales, Lord Roberts, and others, in which each said the appropriate word, and later in the day the Commander-in-Chief paid his first official visit to the War Office, enveloped in fog. On arriving at his hotel, Lord Roberts was met by Lady Settrington and her two little girls. The Field-Marshal greeted them with a soldier's courtesy and bent to kiss the hands of the two small maidens, thereby providing them with a pleasant memory that will last a lifetime.

## STONEHENGE.

Quite in keeping with the mystery always attaching to Stonehenge was the time chosen for their fall by two of the horizontal boulders of rock—the last day of the nineteenth century. Let us forget, when looking at the romantic side of Stonehenge, that anybody wants to say concrete instead of rock. That suggestion has been made, along with others indicating a keen desire to make sundry researches and experiments bearing on the nature of the blocks and on the firmness of the foundations. Stonehenge always offers a wide field for enterprising proposals. Not long ago its sale to the nation—at a price—was mooted, and then

in addition to the mountainous sea, the *Sandpiper* was surrounded by foundering junks, which threatened to draw down after them any vessel in their vicinity. Transports and liners dragged their anchors; a three-masted ship was driven ashore; a steam dredger was capsized and engulfed. But in spite of all, the *Otter* rescued the crew of H.M.S. *Sandpiper*, which has now itself been brought safely to the surface.

## COLONIAL TROOPS LEAVING CAPE TOWN.

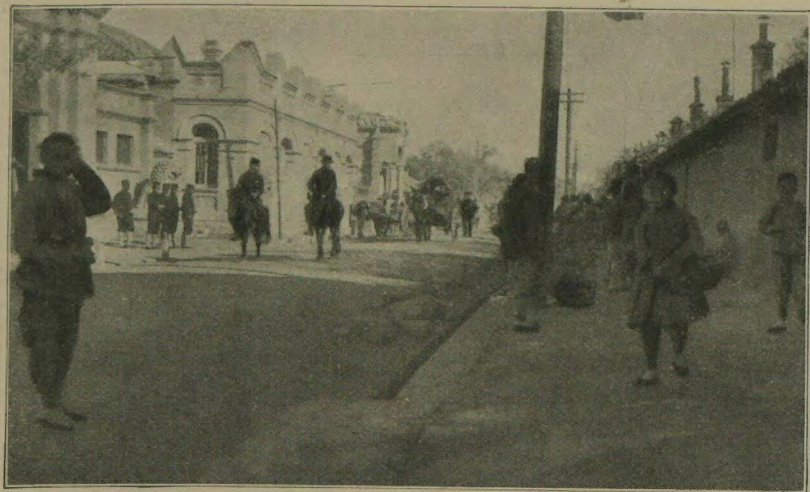
The ceremony in Greenmarket Square on Dec. 13, when Cape Town bade good-bye to the Australian and Canadian Volunteers, afforded a very striking as well as a moving spectacle. The city rose to the occasion, and did honour to itself as well as its guests. The proceedings fitly



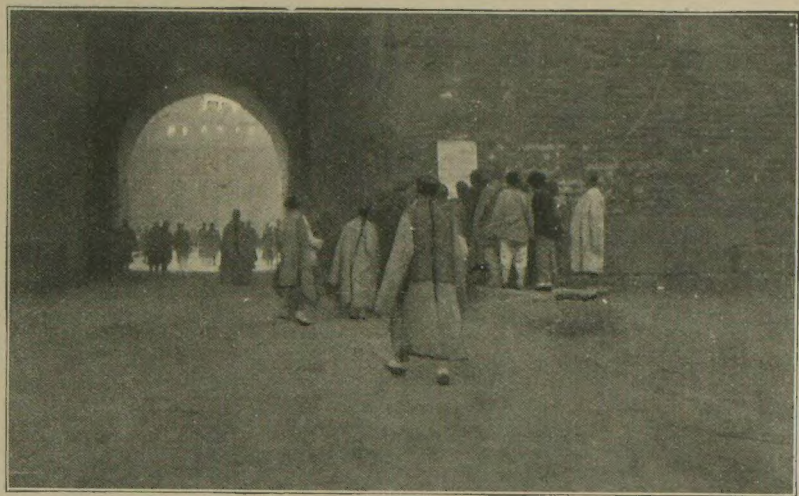
THE FALLEN MONOLITHS AT STONEHENGE.

The fallen stones formed part of the original outer circle, which was some 102 ft. in diameter. "A" stone rose some 16 ft. out of the ground, and was about 6 ft. wide by 3 ft. thick. "B," which was supported by "A" and "C," was about 6 ft. by 12 ft. As its supporter "A" fell it was thrown, no doubt, somewhat violently on to several stones already lying on and in the turf inside the circle. The force of the fall smashed the great sarsen, or, rather, cut it, for there is a clean cut about 3 ft. from one end, marked in the photograph +.

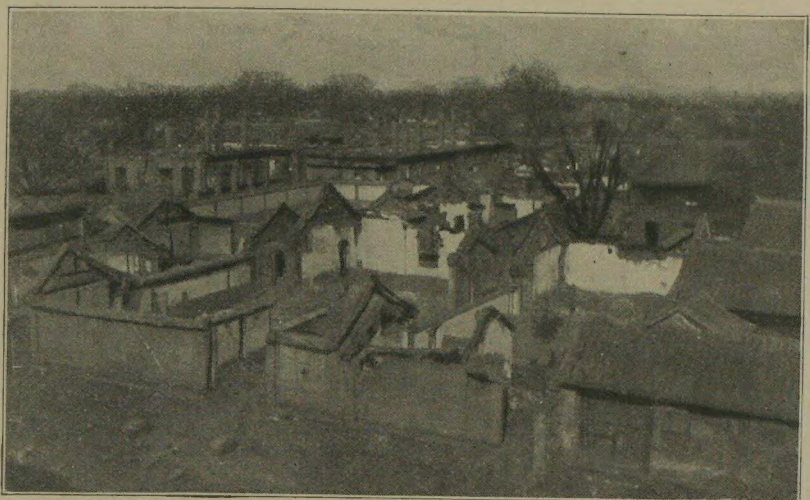




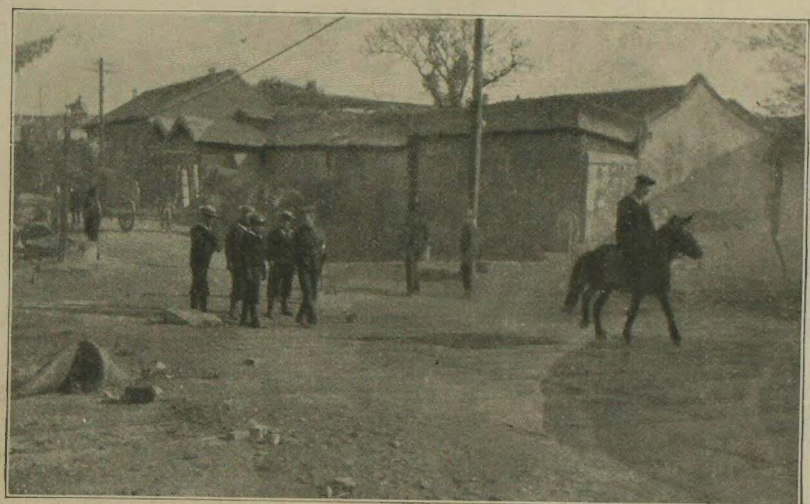
LEGATION STREET, PEKING: SHOWING JAPANESE GUARD AND FRENCH SOLDIERS.



PLACARD POSTED ON THE HATUMÊN GATE, PEKING.

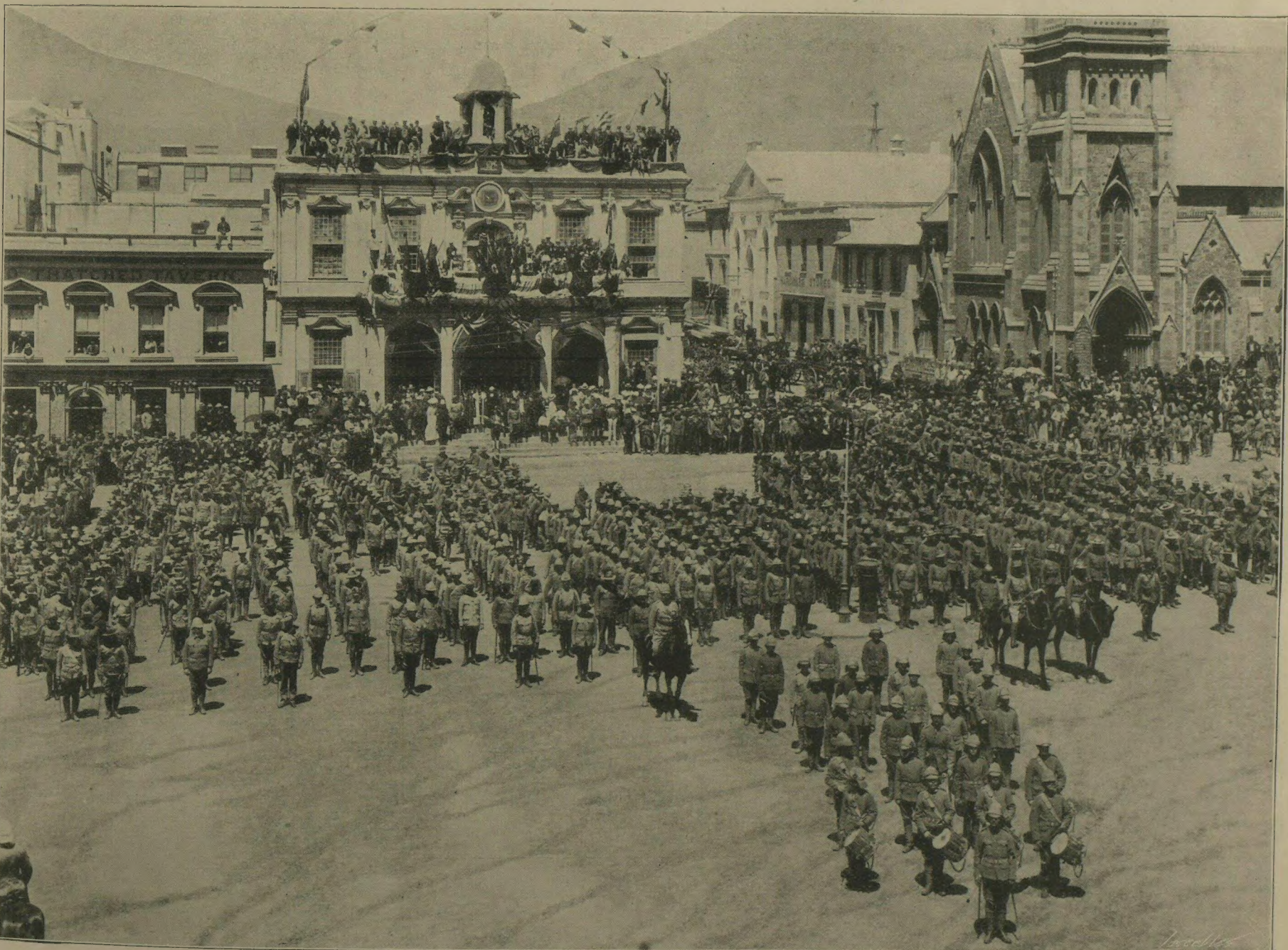


THE BOXERS' HANDIWORK: RUINS NEAR THE LEGATIONS AT PEKING.



LEGATION STREET, PEKING.

*The troops represented include Australians, bluejackets, marines, a French sentry, and two Americans.*



CAPE TOWN BIDDING FAREWELL TO CANADIAN AND AUSTRALIAN TROOPS.

*Photo. E. Peters, Cape Town.*



# INTERESTING ANIMALS ON BOARD THE "CANADA."

Sketches (Fuesimile) by Trooper Gurnell Jennis, our Special Artist on board the Vessel.



1. "Bush," black and tan collie: came out with Australian Bushmen; wounded between shoulders; handed over to Lord Roberts, who has presented him to the Queen.  
2. "Bush," his keeper, and a sentry.

3. "Kruger," formerly the property of Mr. Kruger, who presented him to the Dutch Attaché. That official lost him at Paardeberg, and the horse is now understood to be the property of Lord Stanley.  
4. "Cronje," on which General Cronje intended to ride into Cape Town.

5. The horse which Lord Roberts' son rode at Colenso, when he won his V.C. and received his death-wound.  
6. Lord Roberts' large brown mare at morning exercise on deck. It was this animal that Lord Roberts was riding when he met with his accident.



# MISTHER O'MARA FROM MEATH

BY Seumas Macmanus

ILLUSTRATED BY GUNNING KING.

GUNNING KING

**T**OMAS DHU and I had splendid shooting, and an altogether delightful time, that week. Tomas was a capable gamekeeper; he was a capital shot, and a charming companion—charming if you humoured his little whimsicalities and gave him his own way.

But it is difficult for me to say, even now, which Tomas Dhu was born to be—a story-teller or a sportsman. He invariably hit his mark in both.

If poachers—but in particular the Red Poocher—had been the bane of Tomas's life, they at least gave him inexhaustible matter for fresh and racy, and oftentimes startling yarns.

And Tomas seems to have begotten for the Red Poocher that homage which genius alone commands. The first year in which the unlucky red head of that arrant rascal dawned upon Tomas's world, he tricked Tomas into helping him (the red scoundrel) poach the land which Tomas was employed to gamekeep—and Mr. McCran, of Belfast (very naturally), dismissed Tomas with twenty-four hours' notice. The following year the Red Poocher (to Tomas's genuine delight) poached the land again, with the able help of Tomas's successor, and of the London gentleman who had the shooting rented.

Tomas was reinstated in office. No one would rent the shooting from Mr. McCran, after those two seasons of ill-luck. Mr. McCran, on the second year after, determined to take a few weeks' leave of his Belfast factory, and come down and shoot Meenavalla (with Tomas's aid) himself. The sequel was not pleasant for poor Mr. McCran: for, whilst he lay in durance vile in a Donegal police barrack, with the awful charge of poaching *his own land* hanging over his head, the Red Poocher, who had coolly caused his arrest, poached the land with Tomas's aid once more.

"Tomas Dhu," said I, "that was the last you ever heard of the Red Poocher?"

We were lolling and smoking on opposite corners of the hearth-fire in Tomas's little hut after a long and fatiguing, but good—remarkably good—day's sport; and likewise after a long and good—remarkably good—supper.

Tomas, by way of reply, simply gave utterance to that peculiar grunt an indolent man uses to convey "I have heard you." And out of Tomas's impassive features I could not read anything satisfactory, either. So I repeated my remark in different shape.

"I said, Tomas, did you ever hear anything of the Red Poocher after?"

Tomas slowly lowered his gaze (which had been

following the smoke wreaths) and halted his eyes upon me.

"When did you say it?"

Tomas was in one of his captious moods. But I rather liked that, for the complaisance he thereby exacted from you was generally forehand payment for a story.

"Well, I meant that."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought ye were jist offerin' me a bit of news, tellin' me that I never did hear of the Red Poocher afther. It's a good plan, young fella, if ye give news, give news; if ye ax queskins, ax queskins."

"I daresay you're right. Well, now I'm askin' ye a question—Did ye ever afther hear tell of the Red Poocher?"

"Well, I should think so!"

"Oh!"

Tomas Dhu lay back once more, and contemplated the curling puffs which he now sent up thickly from his age-brown *dudeen*.

I lay back and puffed as quickly, and contemplated too.

Suddenly, out of the smoky silence, Tomas, when the spirit moved him, spoke—

"To my bittier sorra, I heerd of the Red Poocher again. The curse of the Crammil be on him—an the curse iv the crows."

"After Misther McCran himself had been takin' in an' so cru'ly misused, there was a great cry-out entirely, all over the country. The jintlemen sportsmen there was no houldin' or tyin' of, to l'arn that such a vagabone was allowed at large, laughin' in his sleeve at them, at the polis, and at the law of the lan'; an' the papers, too, all over the three kingdoms, took it up an' made the devil's own *thiraw* about it—an' run over again

the oul' story of Irelan' bein' the quare place anyhow, an' that nobody should be astonished at anything would happen in it. To be sure, there was many's an ill-minded vagabone in all parts of the country that laughed hearty at the tarrible thing, an' sayed the Red Poocher was, by a long chalk, the dhrollest lad they'd ever heerd tell of.

"But anyhow, the noise was made over the country about it, didn't help Misther McCran wan little bit only what it hindhered him. For whatsomiver chance there was of his gettin' the shootin' of Meenavalla let to some sportin' chap or other afore, there was sorra take the chance at all now. So nixt year it went vacant, an' nixt year again, an' the year afther that. Ivery wan of the years Misther McCran advartised the shootin' in the papers on the lame chance of catchin' some poor divil that didn't know its histry. But, *favior!* there wasn't a half-witted jackdaw atween the four says of Ireland—or of Englan' an' Scotlan' for that part—that didn't know as much about Meenavalla an' the Red Poocher as Misther McCran himself. So, the dickens as much as a tent of ink was wasted repluin' to wan of the advartisements. Then Misther McCran put the consarn up for sale, an' put it in the papers. But the divil resave the man there was, even then, to come forrid an' offer him as much as tuppence-ha'penny in bad ha'pence for it. An' even when, on the fourth year a company of half-a-dozen young English bucks, just fresh out of college, tuk, atween them, a whole dhriht of shootin's in varrus parts of the County Donegal, intendin' both to have the sport of shootin' the game an' the profit besides of sellin' them to London game-merchants, an' tuk the three shootin's, that surrounded Meenavalla, the sorra wan of them would take Meenavalla for love or money. It was unlucky, they sayed; they'd have nothing whatsomiver to do with it on no account."

"But behold ye, Misther McCran, to his exceedin' great joy, as you may well suppose, got Meenavalla let this year. On wan of his trips to Glasgow, which he used to take the first Sathurday night of ivery month, he fell in an' made acquaintance with a County Meath egg-merchant, be name Misther O'Mara, an' findin' out in the coorse of their discorse that Misther O'Mara had been intendin' to hire a small shootin' for himself be way of divarsion on holidays, Misther McCran toul' him he was delighted to know it, he had the very thing to suit him, an' as Mr. O'Mara was a daicent friendly man, he'd let him have his place, be name Meenavalla in the County Donegal, on very modherate tärms indeed. He sung its praises to the skies—

but divil a whisper of the Red Poocher. An' as good luck would have it, the poor County Maith egg-marchant didn't know a thing at all about the red rascal, Misther McCran (who agreed with his friends in considherin' himself a purty cliver 'cute business man) didn't laive Misther O'Mara till he perswaded him 'intil hirin' Meenavalla for the saison—an' at a longer price, too, nor ever it had been let for in its best days, afore the bad name got out on it.

"Misther McCran, as ye may well suppose, was purty plaised with himself over how he had hooked the poor divil O'Mara, who mightn't know a grouse—if he saw one—from a geeraffe."

"Me an' Misther McCran hadn't been on the very best of terms for lee an' long, but as soon as he let the shootin' till O'Mara, he writ me a letter wantin' to know if I wouldn't take over the gamekeepin' of Meenavalla wanst more. He done me wrong, he confessed—for since the Red Poocher had been too able for himself, 'twas small wonder he was too able for me. He pitched upon me now, as bein' the man who was ablest to meet an' match the rascal if he dar'd make attemp's on the lan' again. For, ye must undherstan', if the red fella hadn't throubled Meenavalla or its neighbourhood for three years or so, he wasn't idle elsewhere; the sorra a saison went by that there didn't come some new story, or a bunch of stories, from some unlucky corner or other, about him. An' Meenavalla, besides, not bein' let an' so not well watched, was pooched an' double pooched every year of them be some poocher or other, an' it might as well as not have been by the lad himself. Anyhow, Misther McCran sayed we wor goin' to put our best foot forrid this saison, an' win back for Meenavalla its good name an' fame, an' make it of some valuey to its owner; he'd come himself, he sayed, to identify Misther O'Mara, so there couldn't be no mistake, an' to give me diractions an' advice, an' to keep a purtickler watch upon Meenavalla. I wasn't on no account to breathe a syllable about Red Poochers or poochin' to O'Mara, laist we'd frighten the life out of the poor divil, an' have his heels takin' near-cuts for the County Maith an' his little egg-store again."

"Misther McCran made offer of very fine tärms entirely to me, so I threw up a job I had, workin' a hoss an' cart for Owen Mellay, of Scullogue (son to oul' Owen—marcy on him!), an' come an' took charge of Meenavalla."

"That was early in July. On the twel'th of A'gust, to the hour, Misther McCran an' Misther O'Mara with him, both of them havin' joined together at the Sthrabane Junction, was dhruven up till the doore on Paddy Boyle's car, of Glenties, an' I give them *cead mile failte*, both. Misther McCran stopped all that day an' overnight, an' we walked O'Mara roun' a part of the shootin' an' from the top of the hill give him a look at most of it. Thruhe, he didn't know much about grouse or game-fowls, but he wouldn't be tired boastin' about the daith an' destruction he often wrought among crows an' pigeons. I promised, if he could only manage to look level along the barrel of a gun, I'd mighty soon initiate him 'intil the mysteries of grouse-killin', an' he'd think crows an' pigeons purticklerly silly child's play afther. 'Red Poocher' niver crossed wan of our lips while we wor in his hearin'. But Mr. McCran afore he left went 'intil the polis barracks in Ardara, an' red them a leethur about the red fella, an' let them know he'd hould them responsible if they let that highway robber an' cutthroat come slouchin' around his lan' wanst more. The sergeant of polis promised that a bee wouldn't buzz in all Meenavalla that saison that there wouldn't be a polisman at its lug makin' a note of it. Misther McCran laid on me as many diractions as would make a dixonary—an' then he went off contented."

"'Twas plottin' in me own mind how I'd keep Misther O'Mara from hearin' tell of the Red Poocher, an' a purty ticklesome parable it was, bekase ivery man an' his mother standin' within twinty mile of ground had Meenavalla an' the Red Poocher coupled together on the tip of their tongue. But I might well 'a' saved meself the trouble, for behold ye! the very second mornin' he was there young Edward Mughan's son Jimmy, who had been at the office lookin' for an Ameriky lether from Francie (God bless the boy, an' prosper him!) brought back a lether addressed to 'Misther O'Mara, of Maith, now shootin' at Meenavalla.' An' when he opened it I seen that he read it no less nor four times over, an' afther the fourth readin' calls upon me, an' says he, 'Can ye read?' 'I can,' says I, 'if it's prent, or nice writin'.' 'It's nicer writin' nor it is readin',' says he, 'so far as I can undherstand it,



What does it mane?' I tuk the letther out of his han' an' read: 'Dear Misther O'Mara, of Maith,—I am told there's fine shootin' to be got at Meenavalla this saison. I'm comin' along as soon as I finish a big Englishman's (bad luck till him!) that I'm doing now. Yours thruly, The Red Poocher'—or words to that effect. Faith, it tuk more nor a hop out of me. This Red Poocher was the coolest scoundril I ever calculated upon. The cat, too, was out of the bag at a jump. There wasn't anything for it but make a clane breast of the whole matter. An' I up an' done it. An' when I say that Misther O'Mara stormed an' swore at both my masther an' myself, I'm puttin' the case as calm as I can. There wasn't a bad name in his stomach he didn't bang at both of us, an' sayed that as the devil made us, he matched us. I knew we wor both in the wrong, I as well as me masther, for not layin' a full programme of the whole case afore him earlier in the business; so I sat down an' smoked till O'Mara's win' gave out an' he could barge an' abuse no

English college chaps were enjoyin' the thing rather. They sayed they wanted a good Irish adventure, an' this looked purty like the commencement of wan. They only wished to Heaven the Red Poocher would be as good as his word, an' come along, till they'd put a slug or two in his tail to ballast him. They'd give half their grouse, they sayed, for the excitement, an' they prayed God the red villain might turn up. An' when they foun' the state of flusteration O'Mara was in, an' the elaborate arrangements he'd been makin' with the polis for purtection, they did laugh their hearty skinful, I tell you. O'Mara, he wasn't more nor half plaised that they'd make so light of the thing, an' of him. 'Time enough till hallo, boys, when yous is out of the wood,' he says. An' 'them laughs last laughs best.' All which set the English lads off in fresh kinks. An' when they l'arnt from Misther O'Mara than he was an egg merchant from the County Maith, an' that he had big practice shootin' crows an' pigeons, they went outside the house in reliefs to aise themselves of all

not laive a kickin' thing upon their grounds. But, in all cases, he ordered as afore, that the two polis should stay day an' night by his own place, an' ait an' dhrink in his own house.

"He lakewise planned that me an' his own two men should take the hampers of game nightly intil Glenties to the railway-station, an' have them shipped. He'd lend me an' his men, an' his conveyance also, to the English chaps to carry in theirs, further on; an' they could, for safety's sake, add wan or two of their men to the contingent. 'From all the stories,' says he, 'I'm tould of the Red Poocher, we can't be too cautious.' 'Faith! ye'r right,' says the college chaps, winkin' the wan at the other.

"The very nixt mornin' the whole six of them, with three of their men, an' O'Mara an' wan of his men, an' meself, was on Meenavalla bangin' away like a rajiment of Jarmins in the war. They wor all purty fair shots, the college chaps; an' Misther O'Mara himself, seeing that



*We were tolling and smoking on opposite corners of the hearth-fire in Tomas's little hut.*

longer. An' then he ordered out wan of his men—he had two men with him—an' a thrap, an' tuk me also, an' niver dhrrew rein till he was at the Ardara polis barracks. We went in an' he put the letther intil the sergeant of polis's hands, an' dimanded their purtection. The sergeant read it, an' sayed it was deuced cool of the red villain surely. But he toul' Misther O'Mara all the arrangements he had made for polis pathrols to watch Meenavalla night an' day, an' he sayed if, from wan end of the shootin' to the other a frog jumped unknownst, he'd be willin' to offer him his head on a side-dish. But, though the sergeant's arrangements was good an' very good, an' wouldn't let a snipe sneak out or in on the sly, they weren't half good enough to please Misther O'Mara, who went so far as to demand that even two policemen should for the nixt ten days live at the Meenavalla house. An' to please him, the sergeant even give in to this.

"From there he dhriv off an' away to pay his respects to, an' have the counsel an' advice of, the young English bucks who had taken the neighborin' shootin's. An', upon my davy, he strikes the six lads of them all congregated in the house on the Carkir shootin', ivery wan of them with a billy-ducks from the Red Poocher in his fist—same as Misther O'Mara had got! But the

the laughter was weightin' their stomachs, an' which they didn't want to laugh out intil his face.

"Well, O'Mara, he wished to the Lord he was safely through with his shootin', anyhow—an' he didn't care how soon he'd be finished, now that the dhrad of that Poocher was hangin' like a rotten roof-three over him.

"'I'll tell you, oul' fella,' says they at last, 'if ye don't mind, we'll give ye a few days, an' lower every wing on the lan' for ye.' Faith, O'Mara jumped at it. 'Upon my word,' siz he, 'I'll not aisily forget it to yous if ye do.' It was only an extra bit of sport, come chape, to them, an' they agreed, with a heart an' a half—an' toul' him, moreover, that he could come afterwards, if he choose, an' amuse himself gettin' in the way of their guns on their shootin's, though they couldn't promise him neither pigeons nor crows, they wor afeered. O'Mara himself joined them in the laugh at this, for he was in purty good humour now he 'seen' he'd have but little to dhrad from the Red Poocher.

"Still he didn't slacken wan bit in his watchfulness. He arranged with the polis that every day the English lads 'ud be helpin' him on Meenavalla they'd have to do their pathrollin' upon the lands of the college chaps, lest the Red Poocher would step in, on the grand opportunity, an'

he was only used at tumblin' pigeons an' crows, didn't do at all so badly, an' give the bucks a deal less laughin' than they expected. An odd time he contrived to get wan of the lads right in the line of his fire, which always give five of them a hearty laugh, of coorse; but generally he went wan better nor the man who could fire at a mouse an' hit a mountain. After the dozen of us were on the lan' three days, ye might catch all the grouse we left livin' by puttin' salt on their tails. Every evenin', too, meself an' the rest of the escort tuk off the day's baggin' for the Glenties railway-station. An' it's meself was noways sorry to go the same journey, bekase Dan (wan of O'Mara's men) was the best sowl in the wurri', an' niver let us pass Jimmy Kinny's public-house without we'd go in an' wet our whistle. An' he'd give us two or three dhrinks no less, afore he'd let us out. O'Mara's other man, Tarance, was a grumpy, growlin', good-for-nothin', dog-in-the-manger kind of divil that wouldn't ax ye had ye a mouth on ye if ye thravelled with him from Cork to Christmas, an' begrudged seein' Dan thraitin', moreover. He'd not go intil Jimmy Kinny's with us, whether we stayed a minute or an hour, but 'ud remain danglin' his heels over the baskets of game, an' countin' the stars to keep himself warm till we'd come out again. An' then



Dan tuk us in to see if Jimmy Kinney was still alive, on our way back. Them was mighty pleasant evenin's, I tell you. An' for ten days this kind of thing went on, bekase O'Mara tuk meself an' his own two men to help to weed the game out of the three shootin's of the college chaps. An' we had always wan or two, or maybe three of their men with us be way of escort to Glenties every evenin', an' Dan, who must have laid hands on a *lepranchan*—he had so much money—ever an' always halted the crowd at Jimmy Kinney's till we'd go in an' sloke our thirsts.

"O'Mara, when he had four or five days' practice, come to handle the gun like a man was intendin' to become a good shooter; an' there was no more talkin' of pigeons an' crows, for he run the English lads purty close. What the lads used to enjoy, though, was that wanst O'Mara got his own lan' shot an' the game gone safely off, he quickly lost all tarror of the Red Poocher, an' hadn't the ghost of another curse left in his liver for that scoundhril. It didn't seem to give him wan bit of consarn whether the red fella 'ud come in an' carry off every wing on his neighbour's lands or not; an' so they upcasted till him, bantherin. Och, well,' he'd say, 'it's each man cry when his own cow's sick.' But for that part the sorra much consarn did the Red Poocher give any of the lads, especially when they seen he didn't turn up durin' the first four or five days. An' they were more nor half sorry he didn't, an' give O'Mara a good roun' mouthful of curses for bein' so deuced purtickler with his polis pathrols an' polis guards.

"The sun was purty high up in the sky nixt day, when we were shouted an' shuk up. And when we got our eyes opened, an' some of our senses back again, behold ye, wasn't it the sergeant himself of polis an' a band of his men was standin' over us. 'Well, what's the row, now?' says we, when we seen this army crowdin' the kitchen.

"'Nothin',' says the sergeant himself of the polis, with a heavy sigh, 'only the Red Poocher, be hanged to him!' 'What!' says wan of us; an' 'What!' says all of us, jumpin' for our firearms. 'The Red Poocher! Hurroo! show us him, sergeant, avic, till we get the chance of a pink at the hinder-end of his breeches'—an' ivery mother's sowl bruk for the doore. 'Arrah,' says the sergeant, 'to pot with yous for blatherin' edicts. Stand yer grounds till I ax ye wan queskin—Has any of yous got any returns or replies from the game yous has sent off?' No, none of them had. For the past three or four days they had sent a messenger to the office, and then abused the London men for not bein' promp'er in replyin' an' sendin' cheques. 'I thought as much,' says the sergeant. 'What the dickens do ye mane?' says they. 'Are all of yous here?' says the sergeant. 'All of us,' says they, looking around, an' thryin' to count wan another. 'Barrin',' says they, then, 'Misther O'Mara, an' his two men. They must have been afoot earlier, an' sthrolled back to Meenavalla.' 'Oh, indeed!' says the sergeant. 'Yis, indeed; I was just thinkin' they tuk a rather early sthroll this mornin'. There was a little note

#### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Canon Henson is in residence this month at the Abbey, and is taking the Sunday afternoon service. He was also one of the Epiphany preachers at St. Paul's. Canon Henson is cutting down expenses in connection with the music at St. Margaret's, as he sees no reason why the parish church should enter into competition with the Abbey.

The Dean of Westminster had a slight attack of influenza after Christmas, and has gone to the seaside for a few weeks to recruit.

Dr. Lyttelton, the Bishop of Southampton, has been appointed to succeed Bishop Sumner as Archdeacon of Winchester. The retiring Archdeacon retains the Canonry of Winchester and the position of Bishop-Suffragan.

The Bishop of St. John's, Kaffraria, has been ordered complete rest for three months on account of ill-health. One of his most recent appearances was at the S.P.G. anniversary at Exeter Hall, when he delivered a remarkable speech on the future of South African missions.

On Sunday, Jan. 6, a special municipal service was held in St. Saviour's Collegiate Church, Southwark, attended by the Mayors, Aldermen, and Councillors of the South London boroughs. The officiating clergy included the Bishop of Rochester, Bishop of Southwark, Canon Thompson (incumbent of St. Saviour's), Canon Taylor, and Canon Edwards. The Bishop of Rochester preached to a crowded congregation from the text "The Gentiles



"Bangin' away like a rajiment of Jarmins in the war."

An' there was small doubt but it was this kept the rascal off. Many's the bit of a debate they all had about how the Red Poocher would 'a' been likely to have gone to work if he had ventured on the lan', an' how they'd have non-plussed him, an' got hold of him, an' played him like a cat might a mouse afore marchin' him into Ardara polis barracks with a yard of rope decoratin' his neck.

"They would have had the dickenses own gay time with the buck, there was no manner of doubt, if he'd only been foolhardy enough to let his shadow fall on a daisy on wan of their lands. But they wan an' all agreed—an' Misther O'Mara with them—that the red rascal had method in his madness, an' if he was within a big radius of them he had tuk purticular good care to lie very low, an' sing very, very small.

"Well, on the last night of the shootin' we had a regular big jollification, all hands of us, I tell ye. An', poor divil, the Red Poocher would have found his ears burnin' if he had been within any sort of reasonable distance of us—bekase there's no doubt of it we joked a fair share at his expense. An', small blame to us, seein' he made such an impudently bould start writin' his threatenin' notices to all hands, as if he was goin' to do the dickens-an'-all, an' walk right over all our heads. Far intil the night—or intil the mornin'—the spree ran; an'—I'm half ashamed to tell it, but the thruth's the thruth—every man lay where he fell. The English chaps knew how to get round a quart of Irish whisky about as well as if they had been broken to it when they were on suckin'-bottles, but they give in. An' when I give in meself, Misther O'Mara an' Dan an' Tarance seemed as fresh as a May mornin', bad luck till them.

from him, informin' me as much, dhropped at the barrack doore this mornin', an' advisin' me to come an' look afther yous, or yous would be apt to oversleep yerselves, an' miss the early worm. I called by the Meenavalla house just to satisfy meself, and it's as lone as an anshint abbey. Here's a note I picked up on the table here when I come in. I'm thinkin' that's the name of the six of yous on the cover of it. Purty well addressed, anyhow."

"With their mouths open so ye might turn yer fist in them, an' their six pairs of eyes like bow-windies in a castle, they had the note tore open in half a jiffey, an' ivery man of the six let out of him a curse might kill a crow in a crab-three, for the note was somethin' like this—'Misther O'Mara, of Maith, presents his compliments, an' hopes the six nice, bright, cliver young Englishmen is as well as he'd wish them, an' as full of self consait as iver. He is very sorry he has been called off suddint, for he should liked much more of their improvin' company. But if his good friends wouldn't mind callin' round by his egg-store in the County Maith, on their way home to their dear mothers in England, he promises them plenty of 'pinkin' at pigeons an' crows.—Yours truly, THE RED POOCHER.'"

I said, after a little, "May I ask you one question, Tomas Dhu?"

"Throt it out quick, an' be done with it," between whiffs of his freshly lit pipe.

"Didn't those Englishmen themselves tack on the proper labels on the hampers before they sent them off?"

"Did I tell ye that while Dan was makin' the rest of us merry in Jimmy Kinney's, Tarance, the growler, remained without to keep count of the stars."

"Oh!"

THE END.

shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising" (Isaiah lx. 3). Mr. Causton, M.P., was present. The municipal authorities included the Mayors of Southwark, Bermondsey, Lewisham, Lambeth, Greenwich, Camberwell, Wandsworth, Woolwich, and Battersea.

Full details have been received at the Baptist Mission House with regard to the terrible massacres at Shansi, in North China. The missionaries were taken to the open space in front of the Governor's house, and there beheaded or beaten to death with swords. The one consoling feature in the gloomy record is that even the cruel Governor of Shansi did not dare to torture his prisoners.

The many New Year visitors to Canterbury were impressed by the vigorous health and intellectual energy of the aged Archbishop, who spared himself no labour in the various elaborate services arranged for the opening of the century. His New Year's sermon especially had a cheering and hopeful tone.

Dr. Parker has entered on his second term as Chairman of the Congregational Union, and had an interview last week with the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare with regard to the joint meeting which will be held by the Baptists and Congregationalists next April. Dr. McLaren, of Manchester, and Dr. Parker will deliver their Presidential addresses at separate sessions of the Union.

Brighton's popular preacher, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, has fully recovered from his recent serious illness, and conducted last week a series of special New Year services. He is now able to preach twice every Sunday, and the congregations at Union Chapel were never larger than at present.



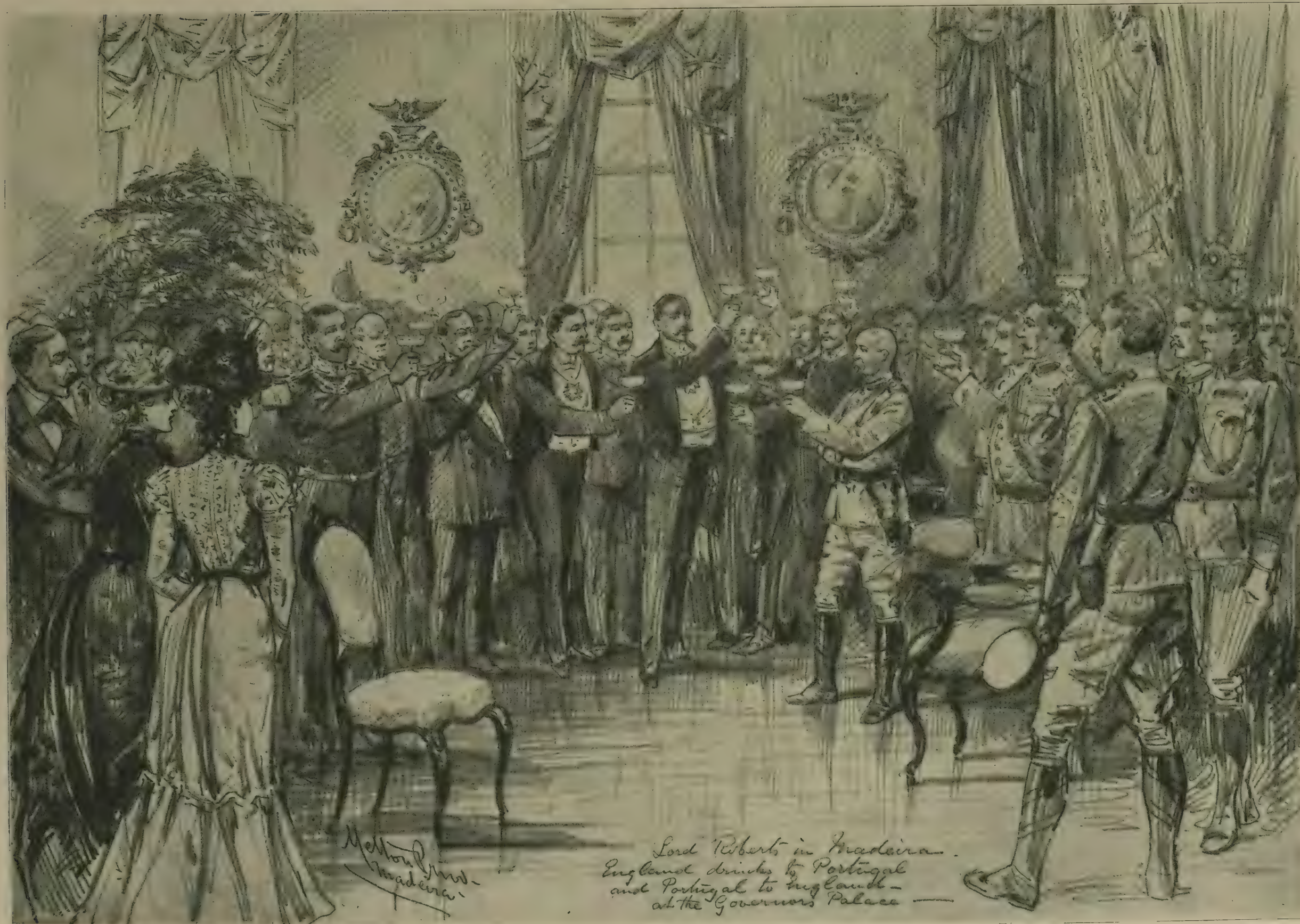


THE LANDING AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

*Lord Roberts arrived in fine weather, and was received first by the committee of English residents. He thereupon went up to the Governor's Palace in a bullock-cart. At the Palace he asked for the officer of the guard, and complimented him on the appearance of his men.*





*Lord Roberts in Madeira.  
England drinks to Portugal  
and Portugal to England—  
at the Governor's Palace.*

AN INTERNATIONAL TOAST: LORD ROBERTS DRINKING THE HEALTH OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL AT THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, MADEIRA.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

*When the health of the King of Portugal was proposed, the English officers passed the word round to receive it with a rousing cheer. This was given lustily in true British fashion, and the compliment seemed to give tremendous gratification to the Portuguese.*



## THE RETURN OF LORD ROBERTS: ON BOARD THE "CANADA"

Though Lord Roberts on his return home heard the unwelcome and rather unexpected news of the new incursions of burghers into Cape Colony, he has not, in his speeches here, materially altered the terms used by him in the addresses he delivered before leaving Cape Town. Lord Roberts said then that he was satisfied the war would soon be over, and the same conviction is expressed by him still. His public expression of confidence in Lord Kitchener as his successor, first made in Cape Town, he has thrice repeated. At Madeira, where the Commander-in-Chief remained only a few hours, he found, no doubt, his greatest interests supplied to him by the heavy post-bag that awaited him. The telegraph-wires also brought him a multitude of messages, including one from her Majesty, containing her welcome and her wishes as to his visit to Osborne. The Portuguese authorities received the British General with all possible honours. The *Canada* was greeted by the war-ships and the fort by a salute of nineteen guns. Another salute was fired from the fort when Lord Roberts landed to pay a visit to the Portuguese Governor. He had the honours of an escort, and, on a microscopic scale, had some prelude to the enthusiasm which was to stir him so deeply on his arrival in London. The British Consulate in Madeira was the only other point of call; and there, of course, from his fellow-countrymen the Field-Marshal received the heartiest of welcomes and blessings.

The *Canada*, with Lord Roberts on board, reached Gibraltar on Dec. 28, and landed at noon at the New Mole. A naval guard of honour received his Lordship with a general salute, and the formal reception was made by Sir George White, the chief naval officers

on the station, and the Staff officers. The streets were gaily decorated with flags and devices, and enthusiastic crowds cheered Lord Roberts as he passed along. Alighting in Commercial Square—where, perhaps, the

Imperial Yeomanry. Trooper King shipped at Cape Town as a convalescent, but on the voyage had a relapse and died. The Field-Marshal's attendance at the last sad ceremony, when the body was committed to the deep, created a very favourable impression among the ship's company, and especially among the Yeomanry. A happier mood informs the picture of Lord Roberts' New Year greeting to his Indian bodyguard, and there is irresistible humour in the picture of his morning constitutional on deck, when longer-limbed warriors were somewhat put to it to keep pace with their active chief. One of our portraits was obtained by the kindness of Lord Roberts, who granted our Artist, a trooper of the Yeomanry, a sitting. It may seem strange that Lord Roberts should have granted this favour, when correspondents were excluded from the vessel, but the Field-Marshal wishes it to be understood that he did so solely on the consideration that our representative was an artist, not a writer.

At Gibraltar, having obtained permission to go ashore, our Special Artist made every endeavour to see Lord Roberts going his round of inspection on the "Rock." After going through the Long Gallery,

he was barred at the exit from proceeding to the batteries above, and had to retrace his steps. Owing, however, to the kindness of a sergeant of Engineers, who, after a tremendous lot of climbing, conducted him to a point where four roads met, he got a chance of seeing his Lordship return. After they had waited for some time and it was beginning to feel very cold, they thought the Commander-in-Chief had returned by the other side, when suddenly a group of horsemen appeared on the ridge behind them. Lord Roberts and Sir George White were a little in advance of the others, and passed very close to our Artist, halting and chatting for some minutes in front of the big gun. The scene was reminiscent of Ladysmith and Paardeberg.

Our thanks are due to Lord Roberts, Lord Stanley, Lieutenant McCowie, Mr. Pillans (Minister of Agriculture for Cape Colony), Dr. Van der Byl, and the Mayor of Cape Town for kind assistance rendered to our Special Artist.



LORD ROBERTS AND THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE RIVER COLONIES.

Sketch (Facsimile) by Trooper Gurnell Jennis, our Special Artist on board the "Canada."

name reminded him of the phrase that the British flag is, among other things, a valuable business asset—he received the punctual address of welcome from the civil community, and afterwards drove to the North Front. Business, for that day at any rate, was suspended, and the holiday-makers were wonderfully enthusiastic. Viscount Wrem, the Portuguese Consul, had received telegraphic commands from the King of Portugal to represent him at the landing of Lord Roberts.

The most notable events of the voyage have been recorded by our Special Artist on board the *Canada*. Probably the most significant and characteristic incident was Lord Roberts' attendance at the funeral of Trooper King, of the



LORD ROBERTS REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS AT CAPE TOWN.

Sketch (Facsimile) by Trooper Gurnell Jennis, our Special Artist on board the "Canada."



A SPECIAL SITTING GRANTED BY LORD ROBERTS.

Sketch (Facsimile) by Trooper Gurnell Jennis, our Special Artist on board the "Canada."



T H E   R E T U R N   O F   L O R D   R O B E R T S .



ON BOARD THE "CANADA": LORD ROBERTS ATTENDING THE FUNERAL OF TROOPER KING, OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

*Sketch (Facsimile) by Trooper Gurnell Jennis, our Special Artist on board the "Canada."*



A MORNING CONSTITUTIONAL ON BOARD THE "CANADA": LORD ROBERTS SETTING THE PACE TO GENERALS IAN HAMILTON AND KELLY-KENNY.

*From a Sketch by Trooper Gurnell Jennis, our Special Artist on board the "Canada."*



# THE RETURN OF LORD ROBERTS



LORD ROBERTS AT MADEIRA: PROCEEDING TO THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE AT FUNCHAL ON A BULLOCK-CART.

*Sketch (Facsimile) by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.*



LORD ROBERTS AT GIBRALTAR: LORD ROBERTS AND SIR GEORGE WHITE ON THEIR TOUR OF INSPECTION OF THE "ROCK."

*Sketch (Facsimile) by Trooper Gurnell Jervis, our Special Artist on board the "Canada."*



THE RETURN OF LORD ROBERTS: THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S ARRIVAL IN LONDON.



A WELCOME FROM "FIGHTING MEN BROKE IN OUR WARS" - THE CONVALESCENTS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Allan Stewart.*



THE RETURN OF LORD ROBERTS: THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S ARRIVAL IN LONDON

PRINCE OF WALES.

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES.

LORD WOLSELEY.

LORD SALISBURY.



DUKE OF CORNWALL.

DUKE OF YORK.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

PRINCE LOUIS.

PRINCE OF WALES.

LADY ROBERTS.

THE LUNCHEON AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: LORD ROBERTS REPLYING TO THE TOAST OF HIS HEALTH, PROPOSED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. S. BEGG.

*In expressing his joy at the honour conferred on him by her Majesty, Lord Roberts remarked that the only drawback to his happiness was the fact that more of his comrades had not returned with him—comrades to whose valour and military skill he owed any success that might have been achieved in South Africa. He heartily wished that some representatives of the great Colonies could have accompanied him.*



THE RETURN OF LORD ROBERTS: THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S ARRIVAL IN LONDON.



THE PROCESSION VIEWED FROM THE ROOF OF ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.*



THE RETURN OF LORD ROBERTS: THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S ARRIVAL IN LONDON.



THE ARRIVAL OF LADY ROBERTS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Edward Read.*



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Sir Joshua Reynolds.* By Sir Walter Armstrong. (London: Heinemann. 5 guineas.)  
*An Old Man's Holidays.* By The Amateur Angler. (London: Sampson Low. 2s.)  
*The Men of the Merchant Service.* By Frank T. Bullen. (London: Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.)  
*Sylvana's Letters to an Unknown Friend.* By E. V. B. (London: Macmillan. 8s. 6d.)  
*Lord Jim.* By Joseph Conrad. (Edinburgh: Blackwood. 6s.)  
*Eleanor.* By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (London: Smith, Elder. 6s.)  
*The Successors of Drake.* By Julian S. Corbett. (London: Longmans. 21s.)  
*John Charity.* By Horace Annesley Vachell. (London: Murray. 6s.)

Sir Walter Armstrong's "Reynolds" presents us with a series of the great eighteenth-century master's finest works, reproduced by processes that have been *soigné*s in every stage, and are crowned with a rare success. The frontispiece—the "Nelly O'Brien," now national property at Hertford House—is a really wonderful work, all the lovely lights upon the face, partly reflected from the brilliant neck, being preserved in their relative delicacy, and the silken surface of the dress softly subdued, as it is in the incomparable picture. The choice of famous Reynolds pictures is throughout excellent, so that we have no question to ask except why "The Strawberry Girl" was not given upon a somewhat larger scale. A Roman ecclesiastic, having to write a devotional volume upon the holy estate of matrimony, gave half his allotted pages, and much more than half his feeling, to the praises of celibacy; his work was, doubtless, good, but it was inopportune. In like manner (not as regards space, but certainly as regards enthusiasm) Sir Walter Armstrong, engaged upon the life and works of Reynolds, takes occasion to celebrate the superiority of Reynolds's rival, Gainsborough. And he carries this so far as to insist upon the superiority of Gainsborough's children, inasmuch as Sir Joshua painted children somewhat as an observer might paint elves or the more charming sort of goblins, whereas Gainsborough painted them with the seriousness of the child's own view of himself and of the surrounding world. To this we might reply that when the exterior observer has such a profound genius of sympathy as Reynolds manifests in his reading of children, his work is even more human than that of him who takes the experienced and memory-laden spirit of the child for his own inspiration. But at times Gainsborough, in fact, took an inspiration so experienced and so accustomed to the world that he made the child's face look adult. The Gainsborough girl close to the Reynolds girl at the Wallace Gallery has the look of a woman, and of a woman of a narrow world. What look has Sir Joshua's but that of a very child? Nor does Sir Walter Armstrong do full justice to the social character of Reynolds. With these exceptions, his work is well judged, and very interesting.

The writer who (from a few non-fisherman readers, perhaps) veils his personality with the pseudonym, "The Amateur Angler," gives us another chatty little book (as he modestly calls it) entitled, "An Old Man's Holidays." Trout-fishing in the Itchen, grayling-fishing in the Avon, holidays in Wales and Cornwall and Yorkshire, always with the rod in hand—these are the staple of his discourse, which, however, far from being wholly piscatorial, has the wide embrace of the old man who has found "books in the running brooks and good in everything." The Amateur Angler will have it that his pseudonym is justified by his practice, which, he tells us, has been sharpened in the rare opportunities of sixteen years of a long and busy life—opportunities, too, in which the luck of the weather has been generally against him. Well, he may not have the skilful manipulation of Piscator Major or the Professor (to whom he dedicates his little book); nevertheless, it is not the expert angler who will read it with the least pleasure and instruction. On the other hand, the wider scope of its interests, its cheery outlook upon life, and hearty acceptance of the recreations which the country and the open air bring to the busy man in the intervals of work in town commend it, like its predecessors, as a companion even to those who have no love for the angle at all.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen has written his share of the poetry of the sea, which has reached its highest expression, in our day, in the wonderful story "Youth," by Mr. Conrad. In his latest book, "The Men of the Merchant Service," Mr. Bullen gives us the prose of the sea-faring life; nevertheless, the suggestion of romance pervades even its instructive chapters. These set forth the duties, qualifications, and, generally, conditions of life of the various members of a ship's company, from the master to the boy; and even of the engineers and firemen and trimmers in steam-ships. We cannot follow them in detail, but we commend them to our readers, to ninety-nine per cent. of whom they will be full of surprises. Two points, however, we would specially notice. One is Mr. Bullen's tribute to the capacity of the "Blue-nose," as the seaman from our North American colonies is called by all other English-speaking mariners. More particularly is what he writes of the "Blue-nose" in reference to discipline to be read with attention. The other point is Mr. Bullen's views on the apprentice system, in its bearing upon the replenishing of the British merchant service with British seamen. It need scarce be said that he foresees danger through our

allowing the Mercantile Marine to become in reality a foreign service; indeed, he speaks of it as a heaping-up of "a most awful mountain of disaster." A wider-spread knowledge among us of the conditions of the seafaring life, such as this volume supplies, would be one of the cures for the evil.

E. V. B. has called her pretty volume "Sylvana's Letters to an Unknown Friend," but we incline to the opinion that her friends are likely to be legion, for the letters are all about her garden, and all sorts of people find, and have found, delight in gardens—from Adam and Eve to the poor prisoner in "Picciola," with his one daisy, and the notorious Pierre Séguier, who, at the close of a brief and bloody career, declared that his soul was like a garden, "full of shelter and of fountains." Surely none but a lover would have used such a simile! It is obvious, from the beautiful photographs which illustrate this volume, that "Sylvana" has a garden worthy of the name; and one can readily understand her pleasure in it, and appreciate her willingness to share its joys with those less favoured. Although they contain various out-of-the-way items of information, these letters do not profess to be informative; they resemble rather the ecstasies of a lover, or the fond delight of a mother in her child. Only those who truly care for gardens will understand "Sylvana" when she writes of the living, human love between us and our flowers. In fact, "Sylvana" goes so far as to think that some occult sympathy may exist between flowers and humankind, and quotes more than one instance in support of her theory, notably that of Lady

unmolested in some obscure corner of the globe: to regain the confidence of his fellow-men is his consuming and, at first sight, wellnigh hopeless ambition. For him there was but one way, as said that good philosopher Stein, "To follow the dream, and again to follow the dream—and so—*ewig—usque ad finem.*" And in far Patusan, away from white men and civilisation, Jim followed it—followed until, at its beckoning, he laid down life itself, and renounced the love that was yet more dear. "Lord Jim" is a worthy story, worthily told, and distinguished by a high, yet sane idealism that never falters.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new work, "Eleanor," might with equal appropriateness have been entitled "Lucy" or "Manisty," for Lucy Foster and Edward Manisty, the heroine and hero of this love-story, are characters as strongly drawn and interesting as the other which gives it a name. But Eleanor no doubt stands out in the author's mind as representing the most difficult and delicate achievement. The third person in an imbroglio who plays such a rôle as Eleanor's is frequently blameworthy and just as often deserving of the reader's sympathy; but to persuade us of Eleanor's claim on our regard, and to convince us that she retained that of Lucy and Manisty, 'spite of an almost despicable weakness, must be counted to Mrs. Humphry Ward as a great feat. Another, of a different kind, is the fitness and finish of the various parts of the story. The author's invention is admirable. The background of the old and the young Italy; the contact with their rivalry of the strong, petulant English politician, Manisty, and his book; his relations, through this book, with Eleanor; and the entry into the situation of the fine American girl, Lucy Foster—all this is excellently managed. In many places the author reaches a high plane of emotion; though the weakness of the book, that which prevents it being a great book, is the want of a sustained fire of feeling to fuse the action. We welcome in an English publication such excellent work as is to be found in Mr. Albert Sterner's drawings in this volume; at the same time we must record their total failure as illustrations of the text. The character of Eleanor is not easily to be realised for us by the pencil.

In the "Successors of Drake" Mr. Julian Corbett brings to a conclusion the admirable study begun in his two earlier volumes on "Drake and the Tudor Navy." The most interesting figures among the successors of the great captain are, of course, Essex and Sir Walter Raleigh. At Mr. Corbett's hands, the one gains and the other suffers in repute. He has to show the real grip possessed by the "feather-head" Essex, whom astute politicians could herald as a heaven-sent leader. Had he been born like Drake into a station where all was to win by slow and persistent effort, Essex might have hardened, thinks Mr. Corbett, into one of the greatest figures of his time. According to his estimate, on the other hand, his immortal Virginian dream, failure as it was, is Raleigh's real monument. If we could free our judgment from the spell of his pen and personality, we should rate his career at sea as low as did all his contemporaries. This concluding volume sums up the fruits of the whole war. The end of it saw England deprived of the sea-power she had gained, and Spain, taught a lesson by her, more powerful at sea than when it began. Drake's extraordinary genius had led him to perceive that without an army to carry forward the work of the navy, no vital blow could be struck, though probably he under-estimated the development required of such an army if it were to succeed. By his successors, though not always through their fault, the war sank to commerce-destroying and blockade. The true value of "sea-power" lies in its influence on the operations of armies. Here is Mr. Corbett's moral: "For a defensive war a navy may suffice alone; but how fruitless, how costly and long-drawn-out a war must be that, for lack of an adequate army, is condemned to the defensive, is the great lesson we have to learn in the failure of Drake's successors."

We confess that we are but little enamoured of "John Charity," and think that Mr. Vachell's story fails to be interesting chiefly because the background is so vague and uncertain. The political atmosphere—the story is concerned with the State of Alta California in the early years of the present dynasty—is hazy, and no sufficient motive is assigned for the various conspiracies afoot: the reader moves among shadows that flit out of the darkness only to return thither. John Charity, yeoman, and his foster-brother of gentle birth, are obliged to flee the country; the former on account of a duel supposed to have ended fatally, the latter because he has married, against his father's will, Lettice, cousin of the aforesaid John. Once in California, we have jealousies, intrigues, and love-making in abundance; the love-passages, indeed, being little to our liking—they leave nothing to the imagination, and are altogether lacking in delicacy. Rakes and gallants abound, and the beautiful Lettice, neglected by her pleasure-loving husband, is soon surrounded by lovers enough and to spare. Magdalena, beloved of John Charity, barely escapes being married to the man she hates, and meets in the end an untimely death. This, we think, is a serious blot on the story. Where is a happy ending permissible if not in a tale of adventure? One feels that a heroine who has survived so much might easily have come through a little more!

[For a List of Books Received, see page 27.]



THE HONOURABLE ANN BINGHAM,

FROM THE ORIGINAL BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, IN THE POSSESSION OF EARL SPENCER, K.G.

Reproduced from "Sir Joshua Reynolds" by permission of Mr. William Heinemann.

Jane Grimstone, who, dying unregenerate in 1817, is reported to have said: "I would as soon believe that a tree should grow out of my coffin as that my soul should live after I am dead." And behold, despite an oblong stone monument and an iron railing, not one, but seven trees grew up, and may be seen to this day in Tewin churchyard. An argument for immortality indeed.

"Lord Jim" is not so much a story as a history—the history of one fateful, testing hour in a man's life and of its far-reaching consequences. Jim is mate of the *Patna*, an old steamer, scarcely seaworthy, which is "owned by a Chinaman, chartered by an Arab, and commanded by a sort of New South Wales German." She has eight hundred pilgrims aboard when she suddenly strikes some floating derelict and threatens to break up; her captain and two other officers abandon her without any compunctions, and at the last moment—involuntarily, it would appear—Jim jumps after them into the lowered boat. These are the bare facts, and for full two hundred pages Mr. Conrad sets Jim's action in every possible light. That he does this with infinite skill is beyond question, but we must confess that he is more than once in danger of being dull. Still, there are vivid phrases and rare descriptive passages that linger in the memory, and on his bed o' nights the reader may see again those eight hundred dusky pilgrims stream aboard the *Patna*. Jim loses his certificate, and he feels that he cannot go home; he goes from one little-known port to another in a vain endeavour to evade his past. But—so true it is that man does not live by bread alone—it is never enough for Jim that he should be able to pay his way and live





L. Sabatier

THE NEW HORSE FOR SWORD EXERCISE, ADOPTED BY THE FRENCH ARMY: PRACTICE BY THE TROOPERS OF THE 3<sup>ME</sup> DRAGONS AT NANTES.

*The machine is the invention of Adjudant Maître d'Armes Monlun, of Nantes, and is considered a great improvement on the old stationary "dummies." It serves as a mark for half-a-dozen combatants, either on foot or mounted, armed with a sabre or lance, who, outside the circle, watch for it, strike it, thrust, and pierce it through, with (as a French spectator describes it) a gusto that is a pleasure to see.*









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## LADIES' PAGE.

It was to be expected that the example of the French women who have become trained lawyers, and their acceptance by the Legislature of France, would lead to imitation in this country. Though there are numerous women advocates at the Bar in the United States, and also in both Canada and New Zealand among our own colonies, those examples were less potent than that of the neighbouring old country. The attempt is to be made in Scotland—where the lady doctors, too, first assailed the privileges of the medical profession. Miss Margaret Hall, of Kilmarnock, Argyllshire, has applied to be admitted to sit at the first examination for the legal profession in Scotland, and has been refused leave to sit by the committee who had charge of the examination. She is now suing the committee in the Court of Session to compel them to admit her to the examination. Meantime the two



A CARRIAGE-COAT TRIMMED WITH SABLE.

ladies in France who hold the necessary degrees for admission to the Bar have taken the first steps for their final qualification.

Some smart dresses came to the Royal Academy for the Private View of the Winter Exhibition; and the bearers of a few great names came also, but, as is apt to be the case, the smart gowns and titles were not in combination. The most distinguished garment in the room was perhaps a long black velvet coat, completely concealing the dress, with a pattern cut away all over it, and lace leaves, stems, and butterflies appliqué over white satin, set in everywhere that the velvet was removed. A handsome gown was in rose-pink satin cloth, the skirt simply trimmed with rows of stitching at intervals, but the bodice elaborate to the last degree. There was a bolero of the pink cloth, cut off very short, and trimmed round with three lines of gold braid; it was cut away over the bust, too, and a little inner vest appeared of black velvet, trimmed with three groups of tiny dull gold buttons. The underbodice was in white glacé, closely stitched down everywhere in lines, with black velvet ribbon between each row of stitches; this showed under the bolero at the back with the effect of a deep belt; and, finally, there was a narrow belt of black velvet with lines of gold round it, that at the back fell over the skirt in two tabs, eight inches or so long, and set with the wee buttons, in a very engaging manner; and an ermine collar and revers harmonised the black and white as a whole. A well-known artist's wife wore three shades of violet; a cloth skirt of the Parma shade, a velvet coat of purple, and a vest with long sash-ends in pale heliotrope crêpe-de-Chine. The only Duchess that I saw present had a black satin long coat, cut Empire fashion, with white lace over gold for the belt at the front, and a very handsome ornament of turquoises, like a triple clasp, that reached across the back against the shoulders. The dress just seen under this was of dove-coloured face-cloth.

Many and curious were the long chains worn. A well-known lady of courtesy title was adorned with multitudinous loops of chains, chiefly coral, fixed so as

to dangle row under row across her figure at the waist. Five long chains also surrounded her neck, and were looped and disposed below the waist and on the bust in various fashions. A pretty chain was of small black beads with a large round onyx bead at frequent intervals. Another was composed of small blue beads, two rows twisted together, and unitedly passing through a large gold bead every three inches. Fancy beads of all descriptions were worn. There is no particular art shown in the construction of these whims; any girl can string a necklet for herself, if she be gifted with a small degree of colour-sense and adequate quietness of taste not to make it "flashy." These necklets are generally finished off with double tassels, for which a few specially pretty beads are reserved. It is too cheap an adornment to be well worn for long, and only girls should indulge in such trumpery decoration.

Though some of the county and hunt balls that were not held as usual last winter are to be given this year, there are many customary "fixtures" of this nature that have again been abandoned in view of the still widespread anxiety and mourning entailed by the continuance of the dreadful war in South Africa. Two hunt committees have sent the amount that would, under ordinary circumstances, have been expended on the ball, together with a supplementary special collection, to one of the funds for aiding the sufferers from the war. Other committees have decided that it will be best to hold the usual gatherings, and there is a great deal to be said on this side of the question, considering how trade is disorganised and work made sadly difficult to obtain in many quarters by the stoppage of the social functions, in preparing for which in an ordinary way thousands of poor women are employed. Amateur private theatricals seem to be considered less heartlessly gay than dances, and these or musical soirées have been adopted in many large houses in preference to the dance usually given in January.

If it were but possible to convey in words the extreme beauty of the embroideries done for evening gowns, either arranged on net to be laid over a silk slip to form the entire dress or for use as trimmings, I should be tempted to describe them week after week, so beautiful are those tones of colour, those graceful designs, to behold. But, alas! the most carefully chosen language cannot convey the charm of colour, the sheen of the glittering surface, the graceful curves and intricacies of the designs. Gold paillettes are very much used at present, and are intermixed with tiny beads in many shades, or with ribbon-work, or with chenille, or with incrustations of lace. Jet beads and gold spangles make a most effective combination, too. A superb piece of embroidery is on pale yellow crêpe-de-Chine; the designs laid all over it are clusters of primroses and violets carried out in tiny ribbon embroideries, each cluster of blossoms outlined with gold beads, and having three little black chenille strands finished with jet beads dependent therefrom. Skirt and bodice are covered with this embroidery; a narrow black velvet ribbon waistbelt fastened with a diamond buckle and a berthe of Venetian point are the only additions, save that a rather large gold gauze rose with a jet centre, and black chenille ends dangling, is placed beside the left shoulder. In another gown, the white net was almost covered with embroideries in which mauve spangles predominated, but the tiniest silk threads ran in and out among the shimmering particles to produce a pattern of branches of purple lilac, above which at sparse intervals gold butterflies seemed to hover. Lilac satin made a swathed belt, sash-ends, berthe folds, and elbow-sleeves to this gown; it was softened in effect by all the seams being overlaid with lace, and similar lace was twined in the berthe and finished off the sleeves with a full puff. Another had a tunic of rose-pink armure, stitched down over cords in many lines; this was trimmed round its scalloped points with a design in gold cord; under it appeared three deep flouncings of net worked with single gold spangles set closely all over, and each flounce was edged with a little full fluffy frilling of gold tissue.

In another fashion are the Empire evening gowns, where the lines of embroideries accentuate the slope continuously from beneath the bust to the train. A Princess underdress is usually made to fit the figure closely, the transparent overdress in net, or lace, or crêpe-de-Chine then



"BOBS" AS SCHOOLMASTER.

We beg to inform subscribers to the photograph, "The First Cabinet of the Twentieth Century," that they will receive their copies early in February.

The following are now ready for immediate issue: "Bobs" as Schoolmaster," a high-class reproduction in colours from the clever drawing by Cecil Aldin, half-a-crown each, size 20 in. by 15 in. "Lord Roberts at the Front," by R. Caton Woodville, 200 artist's proofs only at £3 3s. each, which presents the hero in the field, and affords an excellent memento of the great Field-Marshal's work in South Africa. "The Queen's Garden Party," "The Surrender of Cronje to Lord Roberts," "The Queen Listening to a Despatch," all at half-a-guinea each; artist's proofs, one guinea. "Fight the Good Fight" and "Sons of the Blood" at five shillings; proofs at half-a-guinea.

"Mistletoe," the Sketch Christmas Number Supplement, printed in twenty-three colours, and fixed in high-class mount ready for framing, half-a-guinea each.

Illustrated list sent on application to Photogravure Department, 198, Strand, W.C., or inquire of nearest bookseller or newsagent.

falling loosely over the fitted shape at the hips, and both portions of the robe combining into one for the tiny bodice. Black lace is being thus used, too, sometimes laid over very bright satin underdresses, flame-red or turquoise; but nets embroidered heavily round the feet, the lines of trimming thence rising, narrowing as they go, to the bust, or only half-way there, are best. Empire long coats in heavy cloths are very stylish for day wear. They have the bust-line marked by rows of some trimming, generally glacé silk stitched on, or fur, and, of course, do not sit as tightly as dresses in the same fashion. These coats are in best style when reaching to the ground, but as this makes them very heavy, some ladies wear only three-quarter lengths.

Our Illustrations show long carriage-coats of a magnificence too great to allow of ordinary promenades being taken under their protection. The one with a broad design worked out in velvet and braid has a sable collar and muff. The other is adorned with chinchilla and braiding. Dark



AN ELEGANT COAT WITH CHINCHILLA TRIMMING.

cloth is used for the garment in both cases, and the hats are of velvet with plumes and wings for decoration.

A make of corset which comes recommended by such names as those of Madame Patti, Miss Ellen Terry, and Madame Belle Cole must be at once understood to have great merits. To the long-approved fashions and styles of the noted corsets of the house of W. Hull, King and Sons (whose initials form their trade mark) a new model is now added, of the variety that the newest fashion in dress demands, namely, the straight-fronted type. This is indispensable for the Paris models which may be bought in sales, and it will be the fashionable type of figure for everybody in the spring. A preliminary to a new dress, therefore, should be to purchase of your draper a "W. H. K. and S." straight-fronted corset, where real whalebone adds its virtues to those of a good cut. The same manufacturers' "Duchess of Teck" is a good model corset for stout figures.

The luxury of dress at this beginning of the century is displayed nowhere more than in underclothing, especially as regards the petticoat that is seen when the trained dress is lifted. The most beautiful brocades are employed for this purpose; incrustations of lace are laid in, or lace insertion and flouncings are placed round, just as if for a gown; and embroideries are executed with as much care as on the dresses above described. White glacé or white surah petticoats are made for wear with white evening frocks, and are lavishly flounced with lace and embroidered with white or coloured silks. Flouncings of chiffon, of fine lace, or of fancy gauze are added above the flouncings of the silk, which afford substance. The best shape for present use has an added flounce set rather high and fully pleated on to the foundation just at the back. A woman aspiring to be thoroughly *élégante* must have her corsets to match her petticoats, and her corset-cover in silk of the same shade, though not, perhaps, of so firm a substance. Of course, suspenders *en suite*, to support hose of a harmonious colour, elaborately "clocked," go without saying. Some people have more money than they can find useful objects to spend it upon; but it is possible to be dainty throughout without excess of nicety.—FILOMENA.



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## MILITARY MARCHES OF ENGLAND.

Every regiment of the British Army has a march-past tune, though each regiment has not one special to its own battalion. Many of these marches are quaint old compositions, which have in course of time become connected in some way or other with the history of the corps, while others have been especially composed for particular regiments. Thus the well-known tune of the "British Grenadiers," so often heard and so well known in the Metropolis, not only does duty for the three battalions of the Household Brigade whose name it bears, but is also the regimental marching-past tune of the Royal Artillery, the Royal Engineers, and all Fusilier regiments of the line. The air dates from the sixteenth century, and the words from 1690. The opening lines are—

Upon the plains of Flanders  
Our fathers long ago  
Did fight like Alexanders  
Beneath red Marlboro'.

History has it that they also did some swearing as well as fighting during this campaign. Their slow-time tune is "The Duke of York's March."

The march-past tune with the Scots Guards is "Highland Laddie." This is a favourite marching-past tune with the Highland regiments, though many of them retain an alternative air in some such Scotch song as "The Garb of Old Gaul," to which stately measure the Scots Greys march past, and which is the slow march of the Scots Guards.

The Irish regiments naturally select songs redolent of Old Erin, the 5th Lancers going past to the strains of "The Harp that once through Tara's halls," the Royal Irish Regiment to "Garry Owen," and the 8th Hussars and the Connaught Rangers to "St. Patrick's Day."

The natives of the Principality select their own native airs, the men of the Welsh Fusiliers and South Wales Borderers marching to the stirring strains of "The Men of Harlech," while the Welsh Regiment, the old 41st, go by to the Welsh tune of "Ap Shenkyn."

"Rule, Britannia!" and "Hearts of Oak" are the marches of the Royal Marines, while the Royal Marine Light Infantry and the Naval Brigade when on shore go by to the tune of "A Life on the Ocean Wave." The Norfolks, formerly known as the 9th Foot, also march past to "Rule, Britannia!" from the fact that in the earlier years of their history they served on board the fleet as Marines, in commemoration of which they still



THE ARRIVAL OF LORD ROBERTS AT COWES.

Photo. Art Photographic Co., Newport, I.W.

retain the figure of Britannia as their regimental badge and crest. The 3rd Dragoon Guards, the 10th Hussars, the 12th Lancers, the South Lancashires, and others which bear the title of the Heir-Apparent, march past to the tune of "God Bless the Prince of Wales!"; while the Royal Scots Regiment go by to the tune of "Dumbarton's Drums." The King's Own Scottish Borderers march past to the "Blue Bonnets over the Border," as do five other Scotch regiments. The 2nd Argyll and Sutherland have "Highland Laddie"; the 1st Highland Light Infantry,

"Whistle o'er the lave o't"; the 1st Camerons "The Pibroch of Donald Dhu"; the 1st Argyll and Sutherland, "The Campbells are coming!"; and the Cameronians, or Scottish Rifles, to "Within a mile o' Edinburgh Toon."

The King's Royal Rifles, the old 60th, file past to the strains of the "Huntsman's Chorus"; and the Rifle Brigade swing by to "Ninety-five"—both good tunes, well adapted to the short, jaunty step of the Riflemen, whose marching differs from that of every other branch of the English Army. The Lincoln Regiment march to the strains of "A Starry Night for a Ramble," otherwise "The Lincolnshire Poacher"; while the Border Regiments go by to the old Cumbrian hunting-song, "Do you ken John Peel?" The Derbyshire Regiment has annexed the old English song entitled "The Young May Moon"; and the King's Liverpool Regiment has taken Sir Harry Bumper's song from Sheridan's "School for Scandal"—"Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen!" The Suffolks go by to the tune of "Speed the Plough!"; and the East Surrey to "A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky." All these are real old-fashioned countryside tunes. The West Yorkshire Regiment, formerly the 14th Foot, march past to the famous "Ca ira," which has a peculiar history. It is on record that at the siege of Tournai the French bands in the city were so constantly heard playing this tune that it became as well known to the besiegers as to the besieged, with the result that when the old 14th advanced to the attack, the Colonel ordered the band to play the "Ca ira," in

consequence of which the French were driven out of their works to the music of their own favourite tune, and ever since the "Ca ira" has formed the regimental march of the West Yorkshires, and of the Shropshires, the old 53rd. This song, by the way, was a favourite with the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, under its harmless guise of "Ah! vous dirai-je, Maman?" to which it is precisely similar. The old 19th, or Yorkshire, march past to "The Bonny English Rose," the 1st South Staffordshire to "Come, Lasses and Lads," the 1st Berkshire to "The

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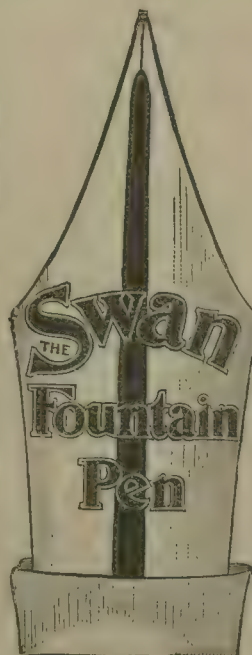
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Dashing White Sergeant," the 1st North Staffordshire to "The Days when we went Gipsying," the Yorkshire Light Infantry to "Jockey to the Fair," the Royal Lancaster to "Corn Rigs," and the Devonshire Regiment to "We've lived and loved together." The quick and slow marches of the Coldstream Guards are the "Minanolla" and March from "Figaro."

In speaking of military songs, it may here be mentioned that a ballad of absolute doggerel, with the title of "Lillibullero," and with a chorus running something like "Lillibullero Bullen a-la," was for a long time the delight of the English Army. It was written by the libertine Thomas Wharton, and was a power in the Revolution of 1688; and if Lord Macaulay is to be believed, "The verses and the tune caught the fancy of the nation. From one end of England to the other, all classes were continually singing this idle rhyme."

A song, partaking, however, more of the nature of a hymn, is common to all branches of the British Army, this being the pleasant melody known as "The Bonny Christchurch

Bells," which is played every Sunday morning wherever a regiment is stationed, and which has thus come to be the recognised church call throughout the Army. It is pleasant to record the fact that many of the regimental marches keep ever fresh and green some of the old songs associated with the yeoman life of the English countryside—even though a few of them be poaching airs; and now that our regiments have a territorial designation, instead of being ticked off, as it were, by numbers, we trust that these songs will long be preserved in our military musical repertoire, as such must do much to promote and maintain that *esprit de corps* and comradeship, besides promoting recruiting, all of which are such factors for good in an organisation like the British Army. There is one more march, which is general to the entire service, and which we have placed last, as it is not one of which the soldier, as a rule, is particularly proud. This is the "Rogue's March," which is played by the regimental band on the exclusion or "drumming-out" of a soldier from the Army—of course for bad conduct.



LORD ROBERTS' ARRIVAL AT THE HARTLEY INSTITUTE, SOUTHAMPTON.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 17, 1884), with three codicils (dated May 14, 1887, and Jan. 30 and Sept. 1, 1900), of Mr. William Nathaniel Forbes, J.P., D.L., of Carlton Lodge, Maids Vale, and Auchernach, Aberdeen, who died on Sept. 19, was proved on Jan. 1 by George Nathaniel Forbes, the son, Cecil Stewart Lamb, the son-in-law, and Frank Montgomery Henderson Young, the executors, the value of the estate being £169,614. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife; £2000 to his daughter Mrs. Jessie Harriet Rawle; and £1000 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for all his children. He directs his executors to deliver to the Kirk Session of the parish of Strathdon the panels which formed the Auchernach pew in the old Church of Strathdon, dating back to 1686, for re-erection in the new church.

The will (dated May 16, 1888) of Mr. William Luson Thomas, of 31, Brixton Hill, the founder and manager of the *Graphic*, who died on Oct. 16, was proved on Dec. 28 by Mrs. Annie Thomas, the widow, Henry Carmichael Thomas, the son, and Henry Carmichael Scott, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £108,416. The testator gives his household furniture and effects and the income of one half of his residuary estate to his wife. Subject thereto, his property is to be equally divided between his children.

The will (dated March 3, 1897) of Mr. Charles Langton, J.P., D.L., of Barkhill, Aigburth, Liverpool,

who died on Nov. 18, was proved on Dec. 19 at the Liverpool District Registry by Mrs. Jessie Langton, the widow, and the Rev. Canon William Robert Trench, two of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £102,359. The testator gives £500, his household furniture, certain plate presented to his father by the Bank of Liverpool, and during her widowhood the use and enjoyment of the Barkhill estate, to his wife; £5000 each to his unmarried daughters, and £200 to Canon Trench. All his interest in the Tonge estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife during her life or widowhood, then for his unmarried daughters, and subject thereto for all his daughters in equal shares. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, until she shall again marry, and then for his daughters.

The will (dated June 18, 1900) of Mr. Philip Patmore, of Cricksea, Essex, who died on Nov. 18, was proved on Dec. 24 by William Henry Patmore Sheehy, the nephew, and William Vincent Willson, the executors, the value of the estate being £80,204. The testator gives his freehold residence and his oyster-layings in the river Crouch to his wife, for life, and then to his nephew W. H. P. Sheehy, and his nieces Mercy Jane Hern, Mary Jane Sheehy, and Rose Spencer Sheehy as tenants in common. He bequeaths £25,000 and his household furniture and effects to his wife; £4500 to his said nephew; £3000 each to his nieces Mercy Jane Hern, Mary Jane Sheehy, and Rose Spencer Sheehy; £1000 each to his wife's brother, Henry Guiver, his nephew Morton William Miller, his nieces Charlotte

Christina Herbert, Elizabeth Gimson, Charlotte Jones, and Mary Winnill, and to George Wood; and legacies to relatives and persons in his employ. He also gives £500, upon trust, for the deserving poor of Foulness; £500 to the National Life-Boat Institution; £200 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; £100, upon trust, for the repair of the grave-stones and vaults of the Patmore family at Foulness, and the residue of his property for such charitable and philanthropic institutions as his executors may select.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1899) of Lieutenant Frederick Herbert Wylam, 8th Hussars, who was killed at Dalmanutha, Transvaal, on Oct. 13, was proved on Dec. 18 by Edward Wylam, the father and sole executor, the value of the estate being £34,302. The testator leaves all his property between his father and mother.

The will (dated April 27, 1887) of Mrs. Elizabeth Price, of Pen-y-bryn, St. Martins, Salop, who died on Sept. 28, has been proved by John Price and Frederick Hugh Price, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £33,559. The testatrix gives £500 each to her grandchildren Thomas Edmund, Frederick Henry, and Mabel Caroline; £1500 Preference Stock and £750 Debenture Stock of Reid's Brewery, and £1000 Stock of the London and South Western Railway Company, upon trust, for her son Henry Samuel; and 25 guineas each to her executors.

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1900) of Mr. Herbert Blaney Wade, of 10, Hyde Park Street, and 8, Old Jewry, solicitor,

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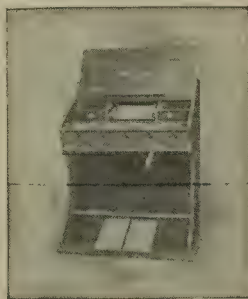
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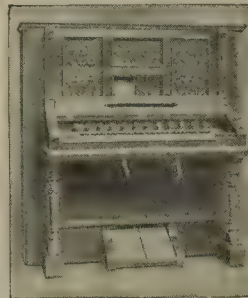
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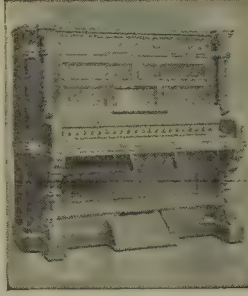
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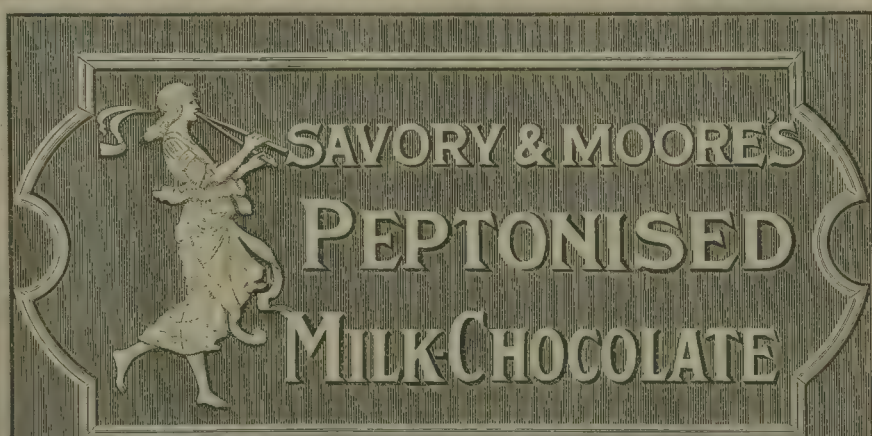


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who died on Nov. 25, was proved on Dec. 21 by Cecil Lowry Wade, the brother and sole executor, the value of the estate being £21,972. The testator gives £5100, and all his personal belongings and plate, to his brother; £50 each to his other brothers and sisters; and £50 each to his nieces Kathleen and Nora Wade. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his sister Dora Margaret Wade.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1894) of the Rev. Sir Frederick Larkins Currie, second Baronet, of Wakelyns, Uckfield, Sussex, who died on Nov. 13, was proved on Dec. 22 by the Rev. Hugh Penton Currie, the brother, and George Edgar Frere, the executors, the value of the estate being £16,504. The testator leaves all his property, upon sundry trusts and conditions, for his children.

The will of Mrs. Elizabeth Ince, of 17, Cromwell Terrace, South Kensington, who died on Nov. 3, was proved on Dec. 20 by Mrs. Frances Elizabeth Leach, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £6167.

The will of Mrs. Dorothea Bannatyne, of 54, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Sept. 28, was proved on Dec. 19 by Robert Elmsall Findlay, Robert de Cardonnell Findlay, and Robert Findlay, the nephews, the value of the estate being £3061.

The will of Dame Charlotte Louisa van Straubenzee, of Minchhead, Somerset, who died on Nov. 28, was proved on Dec. 24 by James Fagan Rochford, the sole executor, the value of the estate amounting to £4160.

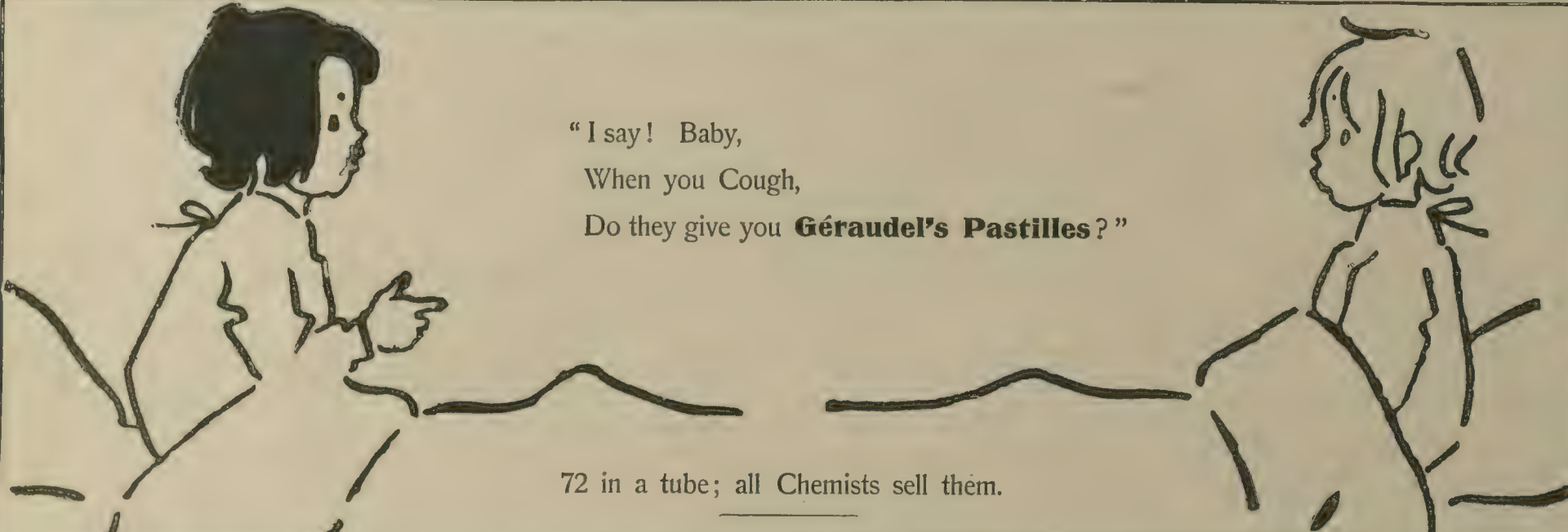
## MUSIC.

The opening day of the New Century was marked in London by two concerts. The afternoon one, at the Queen's Hall, was devoted to favourite compositions, already familiarised to patrons of Mr. Newman's orchestra, conducted by Mr. Henry Wood. The entire performance was magnificent. The concert began with "The Good Friday" music from "Parsifal"; then the Symphony in B minor, the "Pathétique," was given, the "Ride of the Valkyries," and to finish the concert the flamboyant overture of "1812" by Tchaikowsky. These are all too well known for detailed remarks, save one of commendation. Madame Blanche Marchesi sang Senta's Ballad from "The Flying Dutchman"; the aria "Ombra mai fu" of Handel, in which comes his celebrated Largo, and "The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest," by Mr. H. Parker, which was so delicately melodious and imitatively old-fashioned that the delighted audience demanded it again as an encore.

The evening was dedicated to "The Messiah," and the Albert Hall filled to overflowing to hear the Royal Choral Society give it, not, alas! in its entirety, but as Handel wrote it, without Mozart's additional accompaniments. It was a bold innovation, paradoxically, to strip the oratorio of its adornments, but the scholarly gain was immense, especially in the choruses, where the organ and the trumpets gave an effect of grandeur. Sir Frederick Bridge conducted, and he and the Society must again be congratulated on the smoothness of their

performance, with its vitality and waves of expression that are unanimous. The soloists sang well: Madame Albani winning much applause with "I know that my Redeemer liveth"; Mr. Watkin Mills with "The trumpet shall sound" and "Why do the nations?" Mr. William Green sang his tenor solos admirably; and Madame Belle Cole the contralto ones, though her voice was not quite at its best.

The Saturday Popular Concerts at the St. James's Hall started the New Year series on Saturday, Jan. 5, by introducing to London M. Ysaye's quartet, which is to play at every Popular Concert until Easter. The Belgian violinist is well known to us as a conductor and as a virtuoso performer; but it is, most certain that he will introduce fresh life into the St. James's Hall stereotyped programmes. Already an unheard quartet is announced of M. Saint-Saëns. The first programme, however, had nothing that was not very familiar to the large audience, which enabled even the least expert to give a more critical attention to M. Ysaye's quartet, for the record of the old quartets has a high standard; and students and lovers of chamber-music are not to be satisfied with mere brilliancy of execution and finish of the leading violinist. This they certainly had, for M. Ysaye's method and form were beyond reproach, save only in this one particular, that he too insistently predominated. The other violin, the viola, the violoncello were too subordinated, the result not being that perfect balance, but rather an accompaniment, excellent in phrasing and expression, but still an



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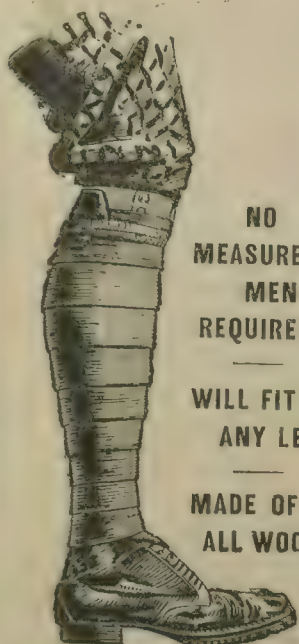
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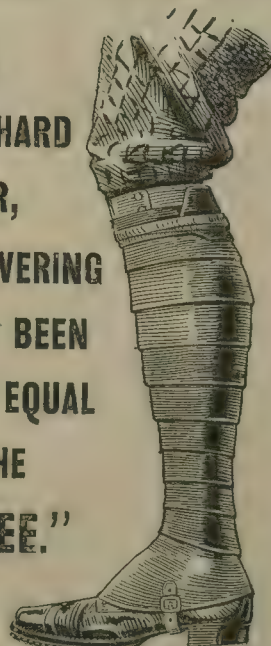
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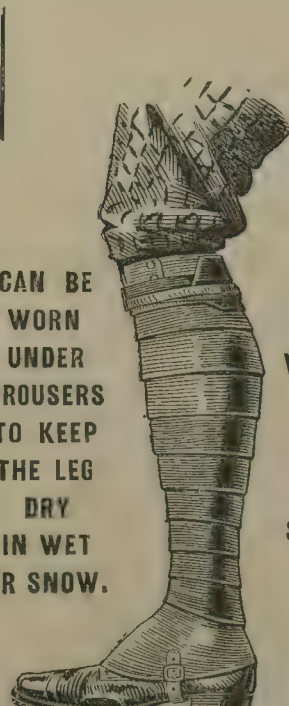
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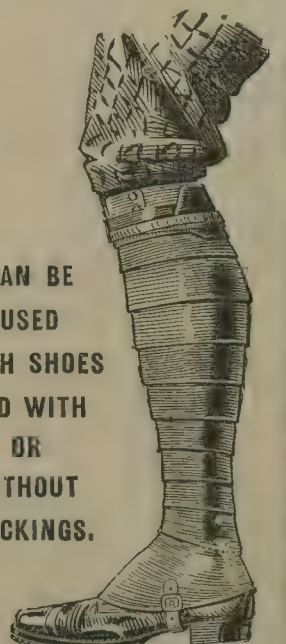
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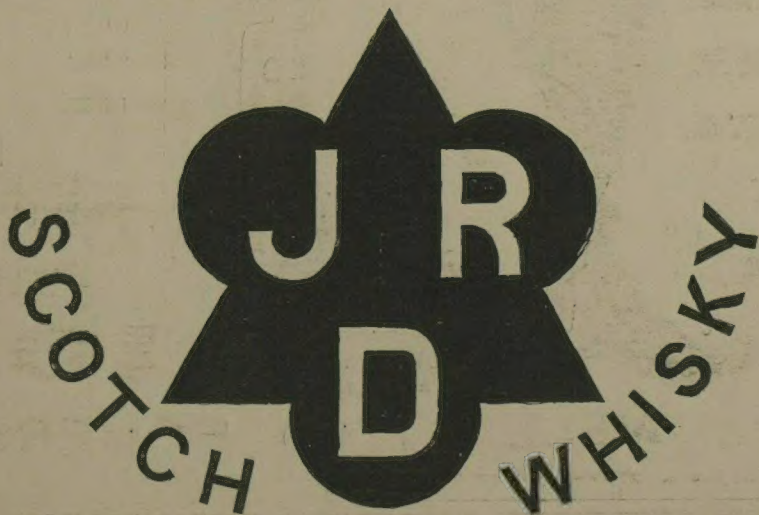
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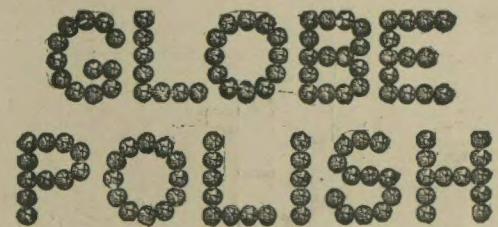


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accompaniment, to M. Ysaye. This was not so marked in the first quartet given (the one in B flat major by Mozart, one of a set of six stringed quartets) as it was in Schubert's posthumous Quartet in D minor. That quartet, which is so beautiful, but so long, where the andante (the melody of which is employed in Schubert's song, "Der Tod und das Mädchen") has variations *ad infinitum* built upon it. Here the violoncellist asserted himself, but the cello was rasping and the tone thin. M. Ysaye broke a violin string, but with a regal air quite imperturbably picked up a second violin, tuned

and lying in readiness at his feet, and continued without a perceptible break in a florid passage. M. Ysaye's quartet is composed of himself, MM. Marchot, Van Hout, and Jacob, and allowing duly for this subordinated trio accompanying the great master, their playing is admirably finished. M. Ysaye played as a solo the Romance in F major of Beethoven, which was originally composed with an accompaniment of a small orchestra, and gave as an encore an air of Bach. Miss Louise Dale sang charmingly, with delicacy of taste and phrasing, two little

songs by Henschel, a song of Schubert, "Geheimes," and "Aufträge," by Schumann, which she repeated as an encore.

The Art Alliance Company gave a concert in the St. James's (banqueting) Hall on Dec. 31, the German Ambassador, Count Hatzfeldt, and the Turkish Ambassador being present. Miss Annie Matthews, a soprano, sang effectively Stephen Adams's "City of Light," and the Guildhall Glee Singers sang well "Annie Laurie," set as a part song. M. I. II.

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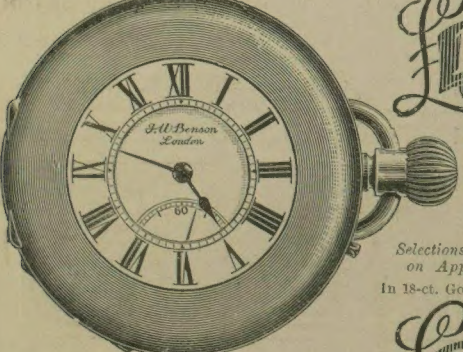
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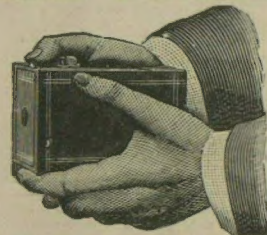
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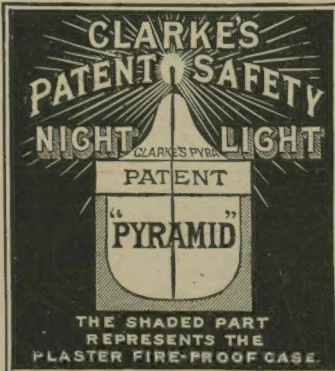
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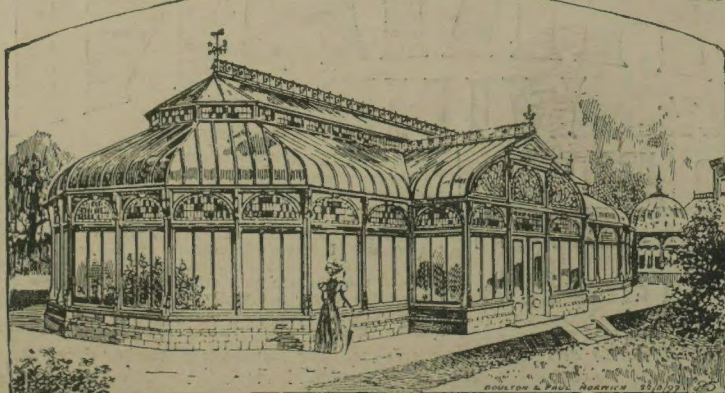
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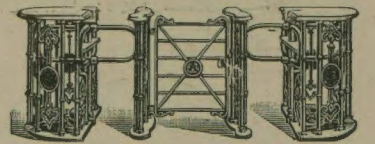
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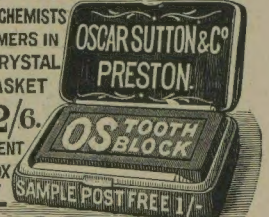
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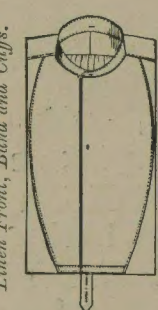
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